EDWY:

AN

HISTORIC TALE.

EDWY,

SON OF

ÆTHELRED THE SECOND:

AN HISTORIC TALE.

BY A LADY.

ADDRESSED (BY PERMISSION)

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE

COUNTESS of WESTMORLAND.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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BOOK VII.

THEIR repaſt ended, and the frugal board covered with the fruits of the ſeaſon, and a ſmall flaggon of wine; the Hermit renewed his exhortations to EDWY to remain, at leaſt for a little ſeaſon, with him, in peaceful retirement: "It would be ungrate-" ful, good Father," replied EDWY, "to de-" cline thy hoſpitable requeſt, and much do " my ſhattered ſpirits ſtand in need of reſt, " and the comfort of ſuch ſociety as thine; " but ſome days hence, wilt thou not permit " me to inquire out the ſons of *Ethelred*, and " what may be their hopes or intentions?" "I not only approve thy deſign," anſwered the Hermit, "but I will provide a guide to " conduct thee to the neighbouring city,

" where thou may'ſt hear news of them, and " be informed of all thou deſireſt to know."

EDWY remained ſome days with the good anchorite, whoſe friendſhip and pity for him daily increaſed; but his impatience to make himſelf known to the *Engliſh* Princes, made him remind his hoſt of the promiſe he had made of procuring him a guide; accordingly the Hermit procured one of the peaſants to conduct him to *Rouen*; and provide him a lodging in that city.

EDWY had arrived at *Rouen*, and was preparing to equip himſelf in a proper garb to appear before the Princes; when he happened to enter into converſation with his hoſt; but what were his feelings, when he learnt from the *Norman*, who was not long returned from *England*, the following account of all that he was ſo anxious to know.

" No perſon," ſaid the *Norman*, " can in- " form thee better than I;—I accompanied " the widow of *Ethelred* to *England*, of which " county ſhe again is Queen.—" What ſayeſt " thou!" interrupted EDWY, haſtily, " Queen " didſt thou ſay!—*Emma*, Queen of *England!* " by what chance have her ſons prevailed; " or how recovered they the throne of their " father?" " Thou art ignorant then," re- ſumed the Norman, " that *Canute*, the Dane, " by the election of the principal nobility, is " now King of all *England*; that Prince having " removed thoſe who ſtood between him and " the

" the throne, except the ſons of *Ethelred* by " *Emma*; they became the peculiar objects of " his fears:—but as they were protected by " the friendſhip of Duke *Richard*, our ſove- " reign, whoſe power he dreaded; he tried " to weaken that friendſhip, and gain it to " himſelf, by offering him his ſiſter the Prin- " ceſs *Eſtrich* in marriage; demanding Queen " *Emma* for himſelf.

" The widow of *Ethelred*, won by the of- " fer of again becoming Queen of *England*, " conſented; and her ſons, with ſorrow, ſaw " her depart acccompanied by the Duke her " brother, and the ambaſſadors of *Canute*. " I was in the number of her Norman at- " tendants, but returned with my ſovereign, " who, having eſpouſed the Daniſh Princeſs " on the ſame day that the hands of *Canute* " and Queen *Emma* were joined; conducted " her to *Normandy*."

" Alas! unfortunate deſcendants of *Edgar* " and *Elfrida!*" ſaid EDWY, with a ſigh, " on " your heads falls the fatal retribution due to " the blood of *Edward* the *Martyr*, and to " the gallant *Athelwold!* but I interrupt thee, " proceed to inform me, if no proviſion was " made at thoſe ill-ſorted nuptials, for *Ed-* " *ward* and *Alfred?*"—" None," anſwered *Fitz-Hugh*, which was the name of the Norman: " the Duke doubtleſs left the care " of her ſons fortune to their mother, but " ſhe thought only of ſecuring her own; ſhe

" even agreed to have the crown of *England*
" ſettled on her ſons by *Canute*; leaving thoſe
" of *Ethelred* to the care of their uncle."—
" And does that friendſhip endure?" ſaid
EDWY, " for rarely have the unfortunate
" friends!" " Our Duke," continued *Fitz-Hugh*, " is too generous to deſert his helpleſs
" kinſmen, and they are treated with the ſame
" reſpect at his court, as if they were his
" own offspring, and their mild and gentle
" virtues have acquired them many friends
" amongſt the Norman Barons. *Alfred* is of
" an open, generous temper;—that of *Ed-*
" *ward* is more reſerved, and he feels greater
" indignation at the marriage of his mother,
" and at his own dependent condition, than
" the lively temper of *Alfred* inclines him to
" do."

EDWY having revolved in melancholy ſilence the Norman's intelligence, ſaid, " Canſt
" thou inform me what is become of the wi-
" dow of *Edmund*, lives ſhe ſtill, and if ſtill
" living, how does ſhe bear the abſence of
" her children?" " Unfortunate Lady," anſwered *Fitz-Hugh*, " ſhe is no more; a report
" prevailed, that her ſons had died during
" their voyage to *Denmark*; ſinking under
" the affliction of ſeeing them torn from her
" widowed arms; the news of their death,
" (which indeed ſhe hourly expected to hear
" after their departure,) no ſooner reached
" her, than ſhe diſmiſſed all her domeſtics;

" and

" and endowing the neighbouring convent
" with all that remained of the wreck of *Ed-*
" *mund*'s fortune; ſhe took refuge in a nun-
" nery, determined to end her days in that
" peaceful and holy retirement; but not long
" before I left the court of *Canute*, news had
" arrived of the ſafety of the young Princes,
" and that, conducted by a Dane to whom *Ca-*
" *nute* had intruſted them, they had taken re-
" fuge in *Hungary*, and that *Soliman* had de-
" clared his reſolution to protect and educate
" them.

" *Canute*, now firmly ſeated on the Engliſh
" throne, received this news with indifference;
" and the names of *Edmund*'s ſons, are no
" more mentioned or ſcarcely remembered."
" But did not," ſaid EDWY, " the news of
" their being alive and in ſafety, reach their
" mother in her retirement?" " In the bark,"
replied *Fitz-Hugh*, " in which I returned from
" *England*, there was a paſſenger who wore
" the garb of a Palmer, during the voyage
" we contracted an intimacy, and when we
" landed, I prevailed on him to remain in
" my houſe during the few days that he re-
" mained in this city: the evening before his
" departure, he diſcovered to me that he was
" a domeſtic of *Algitha*'s, the widow of *Ed-*
" *mund*, intruſted by her in her laſt moments,
" with jewels of great value, which he was
" carrying to the King of *Hungary*, for the
" uſe of her orphan ſons, and where, as he

" travelled

"travelled ſecurely in the dreſs of a Palmer, "he has long ſince arrived in ſafety."

EDWY dropt a tear to the memory of *Algitha*, and inquired where the ſons of *Ethelred* were to be found. "They have accompanied their "ſiſter *Goda* *," anſwered *Fitz-Hugh*, "who "was eſpouſed not long ſince to *Euſtace* Earl "of *Bullogne*, and are gone with her to the "court of that Prince, where a ſplendid tour-"nament will ſoon be held in honour of the "nuptials."

EDWY perceiving that the Norman had concluded his account of what had paſſed in *England* ſince his departure from that country; left him, and retired to his chamber; where reflections on all he had heard, and on his own future conduct, engaged his thoughts during the night. At the dawn he left a ſleepleſs couch, and taking leave of his hoſt, he returned to the Hermitage, where he arrived in the evening; and was received with pleaſure by the Hermit, who, though eſtranged from the world, found comfort and ſatisfaction in the ſociety and converſe of EDWY, and omitted nothing to render his ſolitude pleaſant to him: he adviſed him to wait the return of the Engliſh Princes to *Normandy* and ſome fit occaſion to

* This Engliſh Princeſs was the mother of the renowned *Godfrey* of *Bullogne*, who recovered *Jeruſalem* from the Saracens, and was General of the Cruſaders, in the tenth century; he was crowned King of *Jeruſalem*, where he died, having reigned one year.

make

make himſelf known: but though he ſometimes viſited *Fitz-Hugh* to learn news of them, he ever returned ſad and diſappointed to the Hermitage; and ſome years paſſed away in this retirement: and though the good *Ademar*, alternately endeavoured by pious exhortations and varied converſe, to beguile the time, yet the impatience of his gueſt to reviſit his native land ſo ſtrongly poſſeſſed him, that he could no longer hide it: "I will go," ſaid he one day, "in this garb, which will ſufficiently "conceal me, and ſee in what ſtate is my "poor country, to which I can never become "indifferent."

"Alas!" continued he, "*England*, my "dear native land! EDWY cannot claim one "ſpot on thee, even where to depoſit this "wearied body, yet ſtill wilt thou be ever "dear to me! I wiſh alſo to ſee the preſent "ſtate of the realm: *Canute* was ever of a "weakly frame, which ſeemed to indicate a "ſhort duration of life: I would ſee what "hopes remain for the ſons of *Ethelred*; tho' "I were to continue unknown, nor ever "ſhare ought of their good fortune; it would "yet rejoice me to ſee them reſtored to the "throne of their anceſtors."

Thus did EDWY, by plauſible reaſons, ſeek to conceal the ſecret motives which prompted him to reviſit *England:* the pride attendant on high birth actuated him; but not having the ability to raiſe himſelf to fortune; the latter

ter had ever been againſt him, even from his birth; and though it had thrown him into a ſtate (the moſt intolerable of all others) of dependance on ſtrangers: his heart had not learned to ſubmit patiently to his adverſe fate, and he paſſed his days in continual repining.

Ademar, tho' ſo long a recluſe, and accuſtomed to ſolitude, had felt ſuch pleaſure in the ſociety of EDWY, that he ſaw with ſorrow and reluctance the preparations for his departure; but he ceaſed to urge any arguments to detain him at parting, he only ſaid, "If, my ſon, "thy hopes and the expectations that again "lead thee to thy country, ſhould be diſap-"pointed, if *England* affords thee not that "aſylum thou art entitled to find in it; re-"member *Ademar*, and permit this peaceful "retreat once more to receive thee: Should "Heaven call me hence before thy return, "this cell and all it contains are thine, and "ſhall be ſecured for thy uſe."

He then graſped the hand of EDWY, and leading him through a winding paſſage beneath the rock; and opening a little door that admitted them into a ſmall room, lit by an opening on the top; which contained the valuable effects he had brought with him from the caſtle of his brother; theſe conſiſted of jewels of high price, and plate of value, which had lain there uſeleſs and entire, except what he had beſtowed on the ſhrine of the neighbouring abbey. "Take of theſe valuables, my "ſon,"

" ſon," he ſaid, " as much as thou can'ſt
" carry; they have ever been uſeleſs to me
" in this place; they are thy right—thou art
" the choſen friend of my heart, and haſt long
" conſoled me, thou haſt ſhared and lightened
" my cares, and I have participated in thine:
" if theſe valuables help to re-eſtabliſh thee in
" thy native land, I ſhall rejoice in having
" ſecured them."

EDWY was at length perſwaded to accept the little treaſure of his friend; and concealing ſome of the jewels in his boſom, took his leave, promiſing to return ſhortly; or ſend *Ademar* an account of his fortune in *England*. Well acquainted with the winding path, he deſcended to the plain, which was covered with the freſh herbage of the ſpring; and blooming with flowers: the diſtant foreſt, thro' whoſe leafleſs trees the winter winds had roared, and with their howling had oft amuſed his ear; now put on its vernal livery; innumerable birds were chaunting their ſprightly lays; the lowing herd grazed the plain, while the playful kid friſked from rock to rock, or, with its brouſing dam, cropt the aromatic herbage. The day was mild and ſerene, not a cloud obſcured the ſun, whoſe beams ſhed not yet that fervent heat, which burns up or embrowns the verdure of the ſpring. EDWY ſtopt, and contemplating the ſcene around him, ſaid, " delightful, tranquil retreats!
" farewel! may ye continue to afford to your
" happy

"happy and innocent inhabitants, that peace
"and ſecurity which ye gave to EDWY! who,
"wherever fortune may lead him, will ever
"fondly cheriſh thy remembrance!"

He now purſued his journey, directing his courſe along the coaſt; in the firſt port at which he arrived, he found a bark ready to ſail for *England*; going on board, he entered into converſation with the Pilot, who aſked EDWY, "to what part of *England* he was go-
"ing?" "To viſit *St. Edmundſbury*," anſwered EDWY, "then," ſaid the Engliſhman, "thou wilt ſee that the newly-erected church,
"dedicated to *St. Edmund* by *Canute*, excels
"whatever thou haſt admired in that beautiful
"city." "A ſtranger to *England*," reſumed EDWY, "ſince my youth, I have never ſeen
"that church, but thou perhaps can inform
"me why the Dane has laviſhed ſo much
"wealth on this place, where, as report ſays,
"his ſire met his death from an unknown
"hand?"

"I know not," ſaid the Engliſhman, "unleſs
"it be that, by ſuch marks of reſpect to the
"memory of *Edmund*, whom his countrymen
"cruelly butchered in cold blood; he hopes
"to ſtifle the ſtory of *Sweyn*'s having miracu-
"louſly loſt his life at the tomb of the Saint."

This diſcourſe of the Pilot determined EDWY to viſit a place of which fame was beginning to ſay ſo much; and the bark in a few days landing at a port in *Suffolk*; he took leave of the

the mariners, ſet forward, and in the evening arrived at *St. Edmundſbury:* its beauty and grandeur ſurpriſed him; it ſurpaſſed all he had heard of it: the city ſtood on the aſcent of a ſlowly riſing hill, which commanded a view of the ſurrounding country; while the river on the eaſt ſide, winds thro' a pleaſant valley. The abbey, with its three churches, appeared as another city, from the number of its towers and gates, ſome of which were of braſs, of moſt curious workmanſhip*: but his wonder increaſed when he ſaw the coſtly gifts beſtowed on the tomb of the Saint.

After performing his devotions, he ſtood fixed and meditating the objects around him, and not ſeeing any perſon near, ſaid aloud in the Saxon tongue, "Vain, miſtaken mortal! (meaning *Canute)* "doſt thou hope by raiſing "and adorning tombs and churches, to ex- "piate thy acts of homicide, thy uſurpations, "and thy aſſumption of the throne of *Eng-* "*land* from the rightful claimants? doſt thou "offer to compound with Heaven for thy "crimes, or avert its vengeance by ſuch "oſtentatious vanities as thoſe before me!" he was interrupted by the appearance of a venerable monk, whoſe ſnowy beard ſhewed the number of his years; "My ſon," ſaid the father, advancing toward EDWY, "art thou a

* See the Deſcription of *St. Edmundſtury*, in *Camden's Britania.*

"ſtranger here? yet thy tongue beſpeaks thee "Engliſh." "And of *England* I am," ſaid EDWY, "I glory in owning my country;—"though, alas! to declare my name might en-"danger my life!"—"Why? and who art "thou?" aſked the Monk, "fear not to reveal "thyſelf to me;—would to heaven my power "was equal to my will, to aſſiſt every ſon of "*England* who knows diſtreſs, or feels the "weight of lawleſs power:—yet, weak as it "now is, this arm has done what it could for "my country;" then turning to EDWY, he ſaid, "repoſe confidence in me, my ſon; "there is ſomewhat in thy looks that has al-"ready conciliated my regard: who then, "art thou?"—"a wretch," anſwered EDWY, "unknown, unpitied, one cut off from that "chain that links thoſe of the ſame country "together: Yet,—for I will truſt thee,—one "who is deſcended from your ancient Kings; "heardeſt thou never of EDWY, ſon of *Ethelred* "by *Matilda?*"—"Alas!" ſaid the monk, "I have often ſeen him in his childhood; and "oft has *Alwin*, whoſe kinſman I am, talked "to me of him." "Behold him now before "you," returned EDWY, "behold the ſon of "*Ethelred!* an exile, a wanderer, under this "diſguiſe, adventuring into this, to him hoſ-"tile country, though his native one!"

The Monk, rejoiced to behold one of the deſcendants of *England*'s ancient Monarchs, ſincerely welcomed him; but acknowledged that

that he dared not truſt his brethren (who were young men, and attached to *Canute)* with the ſecret of his birth: however, as a Pilgrim come from afar, to viſit *St. Edmundſbury*, he preſented him to them, and on his account he was hoſpitably received and entertained many days.

During his ſtay he learned much of the ſtate of the realm;—that the Danes had ſo entirely ſubdued the Engliſh, that the latter now quietly ſubmitted. That theſe religious had many favours heaped on them by *Canute*, who fully ſatisfied with the conqueſt of *England* and *Norway*, had given himſelf up to devotion, and had lately made a pilgrimage to *Rome*, to obtain for his Engliſh ſubjects the privilege of viewing the ſhrines, and viſiting the tombs of the apoſtles, ſecure from thoſe inſults and that expence, to which hitherto they were ſubject; and that ſince his return, the appellation of *Canute* the *Great*, had, chiefly at the inſtance of the religious orders, been conferred.

EDWY heaved a deep ſigh at this flattery of the monks to the enſlaver of his country, but continued ſilent; and ſoon after going into the garden of the abbey, father *Oſwald* joined him; they walked a few turns in ſilence which EDWY firſt broke:—"Alas! father," he ſaid, "doſt thou really think the Dane has "obtained the favour of Heaven by a vain "journey to *Rome*, or by ſuch oſtentatious "acts of piety as thy brethren boaſt of? Say,

" would not reſtitution be more effectual?"—
" Doubtleſs it would," anſwered *Oſwald*;
" but, my ſon, heaven alone can judge of
" hearts." " True, father," ſaid EDWY,
" but men are ſtill apt to judge from appear-
" ances, and I cannot acquit *Canute* of hypo-
" criſy, or at beſt, ſuppoſe him ſo ill inſtructed
" in the religion he has embraced, that he does
" not reflect that the truly religious are they
" who do not court the praiſe of the world;
" but perform actions that merit it. Perhaps
" he has been taught that heaven may be ap-
" peaſed by liberalities to the church; but a
" reputation raiſed on ſo ſandy a foundation,
" will paſs, like the pageant of a day, and be
" forgotten." The monk here interrupted EDWY, and owned that " there had been little
" pains uſed in inſtructing the Dane in Chriſ-
" tian lore;—that policy alone had induced
" him to conform to the religion of that coun-
" try, which he had preferred to his native
" one; but that none preſumed to offer more
" inſtruction than he required;—his liberality
" to the church has however ſecured him its
" favour; yet I join not in that flattery which
" is ſo liberally beſtowed on *Canute*; but fee-
" ble and alone, I could afford little ſervice to
" my country by ſpeaking aloud my ſenti-
" ments; yet from thee, my ſon, I do not
" conceal them; and I will own to thee, that
" while *Canute* excludes from the throne of
" *England* its rightful owners, he ſeeks in vain

" to

" to efface the memory of his father's crimes " and his own, by numberleſs acts of liberali- " ty and public devotion; yet, ſpite of preju- " dice, fame ſpeaks many of his actions full " of worth;—" but, my ſon," ſaid *Oſwald* after a long pauſe, " may I venture to confide " to thee an act, which ſo far from having " repented of, I conſider as highly meritori- " ous."—He then proceeded to inform EDWY, that " *Sweyne* had fallen by his hand; " though his death had been conſidered even " by the Danes, as a miracle." The monk related circumſtantially the manner of *Sweyne*'s death, and ſhewed the paſſage by which *Alwin* and himſelf had effected their eſcape during the tumult; although, ſaid the monk, to " ſtain my hands with blood, be contrary " to my profeſſion, and indeed to my inclina- " tion, yet I hope for the forgiveneſs of Hea- " ven, in thus delivering my country from a " tyrant." Here the bell ſummoning the fa- thers to their evening devotion; this conver- ſation ended.

EDWY remaining alone, fell into a train of reflections on what the monk had communica- ted concerning *Canute*; and he determined to ſee that Prince, of whom fame ſpoke ſo loudly, and who had rendered himſelf as famous by his af- fected piety, as by his actual conqueſts; he learned from the monks, that the King at pre- ſent kept his court at *Southampton*; and a few

days after, having taken leave of *Oſwald* and his brethren, he directed his courſe toward *Southampton*. As he approached the town, he ſaw a croud going toward the ſea-ſhore; and ſoon diſcerned the royal ſtandard, which he knew by the figure of the Raven enwoven thereon; an officer of the court bore it aloft before *Canute*, who was attired in the royal robe, and on that day wore the crown; he leaned on the arm of a reverend abbot, with whom he appeared in earneſt diſcourſe; a numerous train of courtiers followed. EDWY haſtened to mix in the croud; *Canute* having arrived at the water's edge; ſtopped, and extending his ſceptre toward the ocean, whoſe tide was beginning to flow, he ſaid with a loud voice:—"Hear, O ſea! thou art under my "dominion; and the land I ſtand on is mine— "I charge thee preſume not to approach fur- "ther, nor dare to wet the feet of thy ſove- "reign lord!"—He remained ſilent a few minutes, after having uttered what EDWY conſidered as the moſt arrogant blaſphemy; his attendants looking on in ſilent amazement;—at length the tide rolled on, and wet not only his feet, but the train of his mantle; he ſuffered the waves to flow round him for ſome minutes, and then with a ſtern countenance, turning to his ſurrounding courtiers, told them that "the power they aſcribed to *him*, "the titles and flattery they beſtowed on *him*, "a mortal

" a mortal like themſelves, were the attributes
" only of that power, whom alone the ſea
" obeyed;"—then taking the crown from his head, with his bracelets and chains, which glittered with jewels, he gave them into the hands of the abbot, deſiring " that they might
" be reſerved only to adorn from henceforth
" the great crucifix at *Wincheſter*; then turn-
" ing toward *Southampton*, his train followed in ſilent awe, ſurpriſe, and admiration at the extraordinary ſcene which had been juſt exhibited.

EDWY accompanied the royal train to the gates of the town, then dropt behind and ſought where to lodge:—his hoſt had a ſon among the guards of *Canute*; from him he learned much of what was tranſacting at court; and from the accounts he heard of the devout auſterities of the Daniſh Prince, he began to entertain hopes that conſcience-ſtruck perhaps, he would at his death reſtore the crown of *England* to the family of *Ethelred*; and leave to the ſon he had by *Emma*, that of *Denmark*. The Prince for ſome time continued to indulge theſe pleaſing reveries; but this waking illuſion of a warm imagination was ſpeedily diſſipated.

While he reſided at *Southampton*, he informed himſelf of all that had befallen ſince his departure from *England*;—Earl *Goodwin* was in high favour with *Canute*; and he heard with regret

regret, that not long ſince, the Earl had beſtowed *Ethelgiva* to *Oſrick*, a Daniſh lord, who by his intemperance and ferocity of temper, had rendered her very unhappy; and that ſoon after ſhe died in child-bed. EDWY ſighed at the remembrance of thoſe days of peace and innocence he had paſſed in their early days with the gentle *Ethelgiva*, and dropped a tear to her memory.

After paſſing a few days at *Southampton*, where he feared to appear publicly, notwithſtanding his diſguiſe, leſt he ſhould be known by Earl *Goodwin*, who ſeldom left the court of *Canute*; he reſolved to viſit that caſtle where he had paſſed ſo many years; and where *Editha*, the daughter of Earl *Goodwin*, then reſided with her brothers.

When EDWY was baniſhed *England*, *Editha* was but a child; but even in the dawn of her charms, ſhe promiſed to excel "*the faireſt among the fair*," under the diſguiſe of Palmers weeds, the unfortunate ſon of *Ethelred* feared not to be known by the ſons of Earl *Goodwin*, ſhould he even meet them; and at the dawn he ſet forth for the ſplendid manſion of the Earl, where many of his days had been paſſed, but ſo few of them with comfort.—The Prince mixed with a troop of Pilgrims, mendicants, and travellers, who on fixed days preſented themſelves at the gate of the caſtle; and he ſaw the beauteous *Editha* approach, followed

lowed by a Monk, and ſome female attendants who bore the uſual dole beſtowed on thoſe days of charity.

EDWY ſtood at a little diſtance from the reſt, the ſurpriſe and emotions with which the improved charms of Earl *Goodwin*'s lovely daughter inſpired him, fixed him motionleſs to the earth. He had felt for the gentle *Ethelgiva*, the moſt ſincere affection, yet when all hopes of his being united to her were deſtroyed, the death of *Edmund*, the loſs of his honours; of thoſe domains beſtowed on him by the King; and finally his exile, blunted in ſome degree his feelings for her loſs, and he even rejoiced that her fate was not joined to his diſaſtrous one; and though he grieved for her death, yet all the emotions ſhe had ever created in his heart, were ſo different from thoſe excited by the firſt ſight of her lovely kinſwoman, as ſoon convinced him that he had never loved before; he remained gazing on her, while with gentle goodneſs, ſhe aſſiſted her attendants in the diſtribution of refreſhments, and the neceſſary relief the wants of each demanded: obſerving EDWY ſtand aloof, ſhe approached, and with a voice full of ſweetneſs, invited him to partake of refreſhment, and herſelf preſented ſome: ſhe ſoon after retired; and EDWY leaving the caſtle, took up his abode at the cottage of a peaſant, who had never ſeen him, and where the hope of again beholding

beholding the lovely daughter of Earl *Goodwin*, detained him ſeveral days. His love was as violent as ſudden, and her gentleneſs and goodneſs, which he continually heard of, engraved her image ſo deeply on his heart, that neither time, diſtreſs, or all the accidents of his future life, could ever efface; yet was it not ſo much the beauty of her features, or that of a complexion, which at once rivalled the faireſt hue of the lily, and the bloomy fluſh of the opening roſe; or the gracefulneſs of the moſt beauteous of forms, he till now had ever beheld, that filled his breaſt with theſe fond emotions;—as that gentle pity, that condeſcending goodneſs, with which ſhe had addreſſed him and invited his nearer approach: had ſhe mixed with her charity that proud dignity with which the ſons and daughters of greatneſs and affluence treat thoſe of diſtreſs; his eyes might have confeſſed her fair, but his heart would have remained untouched and free; he ſoon found that until he ſaw the beauteous *Editha*, there had been a void in his breaſt, which her idea intirely filled; he felt as if he had exchanged a ſtate of mere vegetation, for that of active exiſtence; but temporary indeed were thoſe lively feelings; yet much did they contribute to enhance his future ſufferings:—

For,

For, in thoſe tender ſentiments which a genuine paſſion inſpires; or that genius which it elicits; love appears to poſſeſs a creative power in the ſoul;—and as, when events occur in crowning a reciprocal paſſion, the heighth of human bliſs is the reſult; ſo the reverſe is productive of the utmoſt degree of human infelicity.

END OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

EDWY:

AN HISTORIC TALE.

BOOK VIII.

AS the feeling heart of the amiable *Editha* led her to delight in being preſent at the diſtribution of the bounty allowed by the Earl to thoſe who crouded, on days ſet apart for acts of charity, to the caſtle-gates—EDWY conſtantly preſented himſelf, and ſometimes received from her hand the dole which his ſeeming neceſſities required. One day, the fair daughter of Earl *Goodwin* was drawn to remark the young Pilgrim, from ſeeing him often near her; and meeting his looks fixed on her whenever her eyes were turned toward him; *Editha* thus queſtioned him: "Pilgrim, from whence "art thou?—Is it wayward fortune, or "diſtreſs of mind, that oppreſſes thee? Fear "not to tell the daughter of Earl *Goodwin*, "who is not inſenſible of the ſorrows of others,

" but is humane and generous, as he is rich
" and powerful; and his offspring poſſeſſes in
" an equal degree the deſire of relieving the
" diſtreſt, and ſympathizing with the unhappy;
" ſpeak then, Pilgrim; declare the cauſe of
" thy ſorrow, perhaps the means of alleviating
" it may be found, if there be aught in the
" power of *Editha*, which can adminiſter re-
" lief, ſhe knows no pleaſure more exalted
" than that of ſuccouring the unfortunate."—
" Alas! gracious lady," anſwered EDWY,
" add not to my miſeries by thy proffered kind-
" neſs; if thy father knew that I am now in
" thy preſence, inſtead of ſuccour, he would
" conſign me to the gloom and miſery of a
" dungeon, or perhaps to death." " What
" haſt thou done?" exclaimed *Editha*. " Guilt-
" leſs of any crime," anſwered EDWY, " my
" birth alone, from which I never yet derived
" any advantage, has occaſioned all my mis-
" fortunes." " Thou talkeſt in riddles," re-
plied *Editha*; " but be you whom you may, if
" thou wilt ſay how I can ſerve thee, I am rea-
" dy to ſpeak in thy behalf; and it may be in
" my power to remove the anger of my fa-
" ther, which miſrepreſentation perhaps has
" occaſioned:—Speak then—who art thou?—
" and in what haſt thou offended Earl *Good-*
" *win?* Alas! " gentle lady," ſaid EDWY,
" preſs me not to declare who I am! My name,
" perhaps might cauſe thee to baniſh me thy
" preſence, which at preſent is all the comfort

" or

"or happineſs I poſſeſs." *Editha* beheld him with ſurpriſe, and was about to ſpeak, when the appearance of her brother, accompanied by a train of knights and attendants, now returned from the chace, obliged her to leave him, and retire into the caſtle; but the ambiguous expreſſions of the Pilgrim excited her curioſity, and ſhe ſpoke of him to *Eleonet*, her favourite attendant:—that young maid was equally deſirous to learn who this myſterious ſtranger might be, and offered to go and queſtion him further; but the arrival of Earl *Goodwin* prevented EDWY from preſenting himſelf as uſual, at the gate of the caſtle: *He* was apprehenſive, notwithſtanding his diſguiſe, of being known by even the Earl; he therefore, feigning illneſs, and did not during ſeveral days, leave the hut of the peaſant, except nightly to wander in the unfrequented ſhades of the neighbouring foreſt, when the pale moon and ſtars alone ſhone conſcious of his walks: thus he remained ſecluded, yet happy in contemplating at a diſtance the towers and battlements of that caſtle which contained the valued object of his affections.

One morn, as he ſat under the ſhelter of a hawthorn hedge, which incloſed the field in which fed the flock tended by his hoſt; he ſaw him haſtily returning toward the cot; that morn, he had gone abroad, and EDWY had taken the charge of the flock in his abſence; the peaſant bade EDWY follow to the cottage;

where having arrived, he informed his dame, that *Canute* was dead;—the eyes of EDWY brightened with joy at theſe tidings; and hope (though *Canute* on his marriage with Queen *Emma*, had agreed that his ſons by her ſhould ſucceed to the crown of *England*) filled his breaſt, that her affection for thoſe ſhe had by *Ethelred*, would induce *Emma* to have their rights reſtored to them; but fearing to diſcover himſelf, he concealed his thoughts from the Peaſant, and taking leave of him, returned to *Southampton*, where when he arrived, he ſoon learned the will of *Canute*; but it overthrew all his hopes, and moreover, threatened the kingdom with a renewal of former calamities, and all the horrors of war.

Canute, notwithſtanding the piety of his latter days, diſregarding the agreement made at his marriage; left the Engliſh crown to *Harold Harefoot*, born in *Denmark*; and the latter kingdom to *Hardy Canute*, his ſon by Queen *Emma*; this Prince was abſent in *Denmark* at the death of his father, and being of an inactive diſpoſition, he lingered in that country, inſtead of haſtening to raiſe a party in his own, to ſecure his birth-right.

Emma, whoſe ſole wiſhes were to be the mother, when ſhe ceaſed to be the wife of the reigning King, tried to win Earl *Goodwin* to her intereſt; that ſubtle and ambitious nobleman, who had his own views, apparently coincided with thoſe of the Queen, and by his management,

nagement, had *Hardy Canute* proclaimed King of *Weſſex*, leaving *Mercia* free to acknowledge *Harold*, and during the abſence of the ſon of *Emma*, held himſelf the reins of government in an abſolute manner, and independent of the Queen mother. In the mean time *Harold*, who had made himſelf maſter of his father's treaſure at *Wincheſter*, was contriving how to gain the whole kingdom to himſelf. As he knew the power of *Goodwin* had deprived him of the beſt part of it, and that the ſame power was able to ſecure it for his brother, he ſent one in whom he could confide, to propoſe to the Earl, that "if he would procure "him to be elected ſole King of *England*, he "would in return, eſpouſe his daughter, and "raiſe her to the throne." *Goodwin* heſitated not, but agreed to the terms; and before Queen *Emma* ſuſpected his change, under pretence that *Hardy Canute* neglected to come to *England*, he had *Harold* acknowledged King of *Weſſex*; and the *Weſt-Saxons* ſaw a new King called to the throne, without being allowed time to deliberate whether they would give their conſent to his election.

Queen *Emma* was thrown into the utmoſt ſurpriſe and deſpair at this ſudden and unexpected event:—ſhe ſaw Lord *Goodwin* was determined to hold that power to which the late King had raiſed him; and alſo that to endeavour to obtain the further ſervice of that Lord to whom ſhe was no longer neceſſary, was

uſeleſs; and ſeeing not only her ſon, but herſelf, without power in *England*, and no hope of recovering the crown for *Hardy Canute*, ſhe left the latter to the lot with which he ſeemed contented, and turned her thoughts another way. Her new project, and which ſhe deemed not impracticable, was, to have one of her ſons by *Ethelred*, called to the throne; ſhe knew the attachment of the Engliſh to the race of their antient Kings; and ſhe was not without hopes that they would join in aſſiſting a Prince deſcended from them. The deſire of being revenged on Lord *Goodwin*, and depriving him of that power of which he made ſo haughty a uſe, was as prevailing a motive in determining *Emma* on this new project, as was the advancement of her ſon; but to prevent all ſuſpicion, ſhe appeared little concerned at the depoſition of *Hardy Canute*; and retiring to *Wincheſter*, ſeemed to reſign the pomp and cares of the world, and to think only of eternity. She paſſed her hours in acts of charity and devotion, and in viſiting churches, and the tombs of ſaints. This artful conduct lulled aſleep the ſuſpicions of *Harold*; and even Earl *Goodwin* ſuppoſed that, eſtranged from the world, ſhe had alſo abandoned all further projects of ambition.

After ſome weeks had paſſed, and the kingdom ſeemed in profound peace, *Emma* ſent *Alwin*, her confeſſor, to *Harold*, intreating that her ſons, whom ſhe had not ſeen ſince her return

turn to *England*, might be permitted to viſit her, before ſhe ſecluded herſelf from the world: her deſire was complied with; *Alfred* and *Edward* arrived ſoon after; theſe Princes appeared without ſtate at *Wincheſter*, and ſeemingly with no other deſign than to pay their duty to the Queen their mother. EDWY, who had haſtened to *Southampton* on the firſt report of *Canute*'s death, had ſucceſſively experienced on every turn of fortune to the ſons of the Daniſh Prince, all the miſeries of ſuſpenſe, of hope, checked by fear, and at laſt by the election of *Harold* to the Engliſh crown, of utter deſpair; not that he had reaſon to hope for more favour from *Hardy-Canute* than *Canute* had ſhewn; but being ſon to the widow of *Ethelred*, a faint hope, like that of the drowning wretch who will catch at any thing for ſafety, made him anxious for his eſtabliſhment on the throne of *England*, ſince the rightful heirs were excluded. Theſe hopes and fears for ſome time entirely occupied his thoughts; but when he heard that in reward for Earl *Goodwin*'s procuring the crown and undivided power for *Harold*; that Prince was to eſpouſe the beauteous *Editha*; he found by the pangs it gave him, that even the wretchedneſs of his fortune could not defend his heart from love; and that the painful emotions cauſed by that paſſion, when hopeleſs, exceed all others.

While EDWY remained at *Southampton* in a ſtate of tormenting ſuſpenſe, dreading the returning

turning light of each day, leſt it ſhould confirm his miſery, by bringing him the news of *Harold's* marriage with the lovely daughter of Lord *Goodwin*; he heard of the arrival of the two Princes from *Normandy*.

His grief at the intended marriage of *Editha*, rendered him indifferent to what might now befal him; and for ſome time he neglected to make himſelf known to them.

At length he determined to viſit *Wincheſter*, and try what the prevalence of conſanguinity would effect. He lingered long e'er he ſet out, and travelled ſlowly; when he arrived, he heard that *Harold* had invited the Princes to court, and that preparations were making for *Alfred* to ſet out for *London*, as ſoon as he returned from a viſit to the Earl of *Devon*.

It was evening when EDWY arrived at *Wincheſter*: An hour after Prince *Alfred* arrived, and late as it was, EDWY determined on making himſelf known to him; having been informed that the Prince was to purſue his journey on the morrow, he went to the caſtle of *Wincheſter*, where *Emma* and her ſons held their abode; and meeting with a page at the gate, he requeſted that the Queen and the Princes might be informed that a Pilgrim entreated admittance to their preſence, who had ſomewhat of moment to impart. As *Emma* often received diſpatches from different parts of the kingdom, from thoſe who did not yet venture to declare openly for her ſons; the Pilgrim

grim eaſily obtained admittance to her preſence; he was conducted by a back way to the chamber where the Queen and the Princes were, alone and unattended.

On EDWY's enterance, he bent his knee, and taking from his boſom a ſmall picture caſe, which he opened and preſented to Prince *Alfred*, "Look, my Lord," ſaid he, "obſerve "well that portrait, and ſay if the features "are unknown to thee:" The Prince viewed it attentively, and exclaimed, "'tis my fa- "ther's,—'tis undoubtedly the portrait of "*Ethelred!*—look, Madam," preſenting it to the Queen, who with Prince *Edward* alſo knew it. While the Queen and Prince *Edward* were examining it, *Alfred* fixed his eyes on the Pilgrim, who was now about the ſame age as was *Ethelred* when this portrait was drawn. The great reſemblance of EDWY to his father, ſtruck the Prince; and perceiving his agitation, as he ſtood ſilently obſerving the behaviour of all. "Who art thou," he ſaid, "and ſay how that picture fell into thy hands? "it ſeems as if thou knoweſt for whom it was "drawn."—"Too well," anſwered EDWY, "I know it, it was the only gift beſtowed by "him for whom it was drawn, on my ill- "fated mother; on the other ſide is her pic- "ture, on the rim which joins them, are the "names of *Ethelred* and *Matilda*, in Saxon "characters: the name of *Matilda*, is not un- "known to you, Lady" addreſſing the Queen,

"you.

" you may have heard, that ſhe had by King
" *Ethelred*, a ſon named EDWY, whom Earl
" *Edgar*, and afterwards Earl *Goodwin* had
" the care of, as the King utterly neglected an
" unfortunate wretch to whom, however, he
" gave being; he lived in obſcurity, ſuffering
" all the miſeries of dependance, neglect, in-
" ſult, and ſcorn; an exile, a wanderer, un-
" owned, unconnected; behold him before
" you: thus diſguiſed have I ventured here,
" in the hope of a reverſe of fortune, in fa-
" vour of Princes whoſe blood fills theſe veins,
" and for whoſe welfare I am intereſted: I
" long have wiſhed to emerge from the obſcu-
" rity that has hitherto hid me from the world:
" —if I can be of uſe, employ me; but let
" me deſerve your favour," (addreſſing the
" Queen) " your notice, your protection," (to
the Princes) " I ſet no value on my life, but
" as I can dedicate it to your ſervice; believe
" me I am no impoſtor."—" I am convinced
" that thou art not," ſaid *Alfred*; " the ſtrong
" reſemblance of that picture, and thine own
" relation correſpond with what I have heard
" of the King's ſtrange neglect of thee; thy
" affection to the ſons of *Edmund*, all confirm
" thee the ſon of *Ethelred*? and as ſuch I, for
" my part, acknowledge thee:—What ſay'ſt
" thou, brother?" to Prince *Edward*,—before
the latter had anſwered, which from his cold-
neſs and reſerve, he was ſlow in doing;—the
Queen deſirous to prove EDWY, ordered him

to

to relate the reception given to the ſons of *Edmund* at the court of *Hungary*: and why they quitted that of *Sweden*? he gave a clear and circumſtantial account of all that had befallen them after their departure from *England*, till their arrival in *Hungary*, and their reception by the King of that country: he then proceeded to relate, that going to *Normandy*, he had ſeen both the Princes paſs ſwiftly by him; and repeated the words he had heard one of them ſay. "I remember it," ſaid *Alfred*, "it was a few days before the tournament in "honour of the nuptials of the Earl of *Bul*-"*logne*, and we meant to exerciſe our arms "on that plain, but the gloom which ob-"ſcured the ſun, made us defer the ſports to "another day." "And wert thou that Pil-"grim," aſked Prince *Edward*, "whom we "paſſed? for I remember that I was ſtruck by "the earneſtneſs of thy looks." "I was that "Pilgrim," ſaid EDWY, "and once I endea-"voured to overtake you, with the deſign of "making myſelf known, but you rode too "ſwiftly. The langour into which my low "eſtate had caſt me, kept me a long time in "the retreat of a Hermit, who has his dwel-"ling among the hills that bound the plain on "which I met you." As the Princes ſeemed to acknowledge EDWY as the ſon of their father, *Emma* received him civilly, and gave him his choice to attend on *Alfred* to court, or remain with *Edward* at *Wincheſter*; and

it

it would be eaſy to avoid the ſight of Earl *Goodwin*, or any who had formerly known him: EDWY deſired to attend on *Alfred*, whoſe open, condeſcending manners he preferred to the diſtant reſerve of his brother.

As *Emma* feared to entruſt both her ſons into the hands of a Prince, whoſe intereſt it was to deſtroy them; ſhe kept *Edward*, under pretence of reluctance, during his ſhort ſtay in *England*, to part with him: She knew it was impoſſible for her ſons to gain a powerful party among the nobility without appearing at court; and *Alfred*, who ſeemed beſt calculated to win the hearts of the Engliſh, was the one pitched on to go there: The Queen concluded that if *Harold* had any ſiniſter intentions, he would defer it until he could get both the Princes into his power; as it would be to little purpoſe to take away the life of one, while the other remained alive.

As all things were in readineſs for the departure of the Prince, it was fixed for the morrow, and to avoid all ſuſpicion, EDWY was equipped with proper garb and armour, and aſſuming the name of a Norman Knight, they ſet forward at break of day for *London*.

The little train of *Alfred* being compoſed of Normans, to avoid ſuſpicion; and EDWY, a ſtranger to all thoſe who compoſed the court of *Harold*, except Lord *Goodwin* and his ſons; by avoiding them he hoped to paſs unnoticed. Love and jealouſy were his motives for attending

tending the Prince on this viſit: he wiſhed, once more to behold *Editha*, before her marriage

Though without hope, were ſhe to be acquainted with his name and birth, or with his paſſion for her, that it would excite the ſlighteſt regard for him; yet ſtill he pined to behold her, and if poſſible to talk with her once more. But though *Alfred* converſed with him with the utmoſt freedom, and treated him with the affection of a brother, he did not hint to the Prince, his hopeleſs paſſion for Lord *Goodwin*'s lovely daughter.

As they journeyed on, he inquired for the ſons of *Edmund Ironſides*, of whom he had not heard ſince he ſaw them depart for the court of *Hungary*.

Alfred informed him, that "*Edmund* was "dead, but that *Edward*, to whom *Soliman* "had given his ſiſter-in-law the Princeſs "*Agatha*, daughter of the Emperor *Henry* the "*Second*, in marriage; was ſtill alive, and "remained at the court of *Hungary:* that "he had three children, *Chriſtian*, *Marga*-"*ret*, and a ſon named *Edgar Atheling*; and "lived contented on the fortune procured "him by *Soliman*, and with the honours paid "him at his court, without hope or thought of recovering *England*."

Edwy expreſſed great pleaſure at the welfare of a Prince, expoſed to ſuch dangers in his childhood, and that ſome of the defcen-

dents of *Ethelred*, were in the enjoyment of peace and happineſs.

Alfred's affection for EDWY ſeemed to increaſe, he communicated freely to him all his thoughts, diſcloſed to him his views in viſiting the Engliſh court; and they revolved together the moſt proper meaſures to purſue in the preſent ſtate of things.

Under a pretext of paying court to *Harold*, many of the nobility had ſecretly promiſed to attend the arrival of *Alfred* at *London*; they wiſhed to behold a Prince deſcended from their ancient Kings.

Meanwhile this little troop, elated with gayeſt hopes, proceeded on their journey; and as the Prince's affection for EDWY daily increaſed, he repoſed unbounded confidence in him: "Thou wilt cenſure me, I fear," ſaid *Alfred*, for ſuddenly yielding to an amorous inclination; it ſurprizes myſelf, that having beheld with indifference the beauty of the Norman ladies, I ſhould conceive an irreſiſtible paſſion for one whoſe name or rank is unknown to me." "Far from cenſuring thee," ſaid EDWY, "I am but too ſenſible of the force of that ſudden attachment thou ſpeakeſt of, and which there is no reſiſting;" "then thou alſo art captivated," ſaid *Alfred*, "but hear how I have been ſurpriſed; yeſterday, about noon, I overtook a company of Pilgrims, their long looſe habits, and hats, concealed the women; and I could

"not

" not diſtinguiſh whether they were young or
" aged; I paſſed them unheedingly, and pur-
" ſued my journey: the ſun, which had been
" obſcured by clouds, now broke through and
" ſhone with redoubled luſtre. The road lay
" along pleaſant meadow, amidſt which ran
" a rivulet that meandered through a thicket
" of hazel at no great diſtance; having tra-
" velled ſince the dawn, I now grew faint with
" heat; and diſmounting, walked along the
" meadow and toward the thicket, where
" throwing myſelf on the graſs, and by the
" ſide of the brook; its murmers lulled me
" to ſleep:—I was awakened by ſome female
" voices; the ſpeakers were ſo near me that
" I could overhear all they ſaid; and a certain
" indeſcribable charm in the voice and expreſ-
" ſion of one of them, excited my curioſity
" to behold her: I ſoftly raiſed myſelf, and
" looking through the buſhes, beheld two of
" the Pilgrims I had paſſed an hour before;
" they had laid aſide their hats, and their hair
" flowed looſe on their ſhoulders; both were
" young, but one of them reſembled an an-
" gelic, rather than a human form; to the
" moſt beautiful features, was joined a com-
" plexion that might vie with the bloom of the
" roſe; her countenance was expreſſive of
" ſenſibility and reflection, blended with an
" air of the moſt engaging ſweetneſs. She
" thus ſpoke to one of her companions:"—
" In vain, *Anſuritha*, all your arguments, I

" feel no joy in the pomp or power of that
" high fortune that awaits me; would it were
" the lot of ſome one better ſuited to it, than
" I am: but if my vows are accepted, I may
" yet avoid this marriage, on which my fa-
" ther builds ſuch hopes of greatneſs." "Thou
" art the beſt judge, Lady;" anſwered *Anſu-
ritha*, " of what will make thee happy, but I
" ſhould think that the high and ſplendid
" ſtate which awaits thee, would moſt conduce
" to make thee ſo: but, perhaps, ſince grandeur
" which has ſuch charms, not for our weak
" ſex alone, but even for the other, has none
" for thee; ſome youth in humbler life than
" him who ſolicits thy hand, has pre-engaged
" thy affections, and determined thee to ſlight
" a higher fortune." She pauſed, and ſeemed
" to wait the anſwer of her lovely companion;
" and ſo intereſted was I become, that I
" hardly breathed, leſt a word ſhould eſcape
" me: My lovely unknown reſumed,"——
" And why ſhould my heart neceſſarily be im-
" preſſed by the idea of another, to render
" me diſſatisfied with him provided for me,
" by my father?—Muſt one be in love to re-
" ject marriage; has no maiden, thinkeſt thou,
" ever wiſhed to remain ſingle:" I think not,"
" anſwered *Anſuritha*, " and few, unleſs the
" heart was pre-engaged, would reject a young,
" lovely, and powerful"—" Stop thy ambling
" tongue," cried out her companion, " I
" would that thou wert to have him in my
" ſtead:"

" ſtead:"—" would to Heaven I was," anſwered the attendant, " not that I ſhould not " grieve a little, at being raiſed above my " gentle miſtreſs."—" no doubt but it would " greatly grieve thee," anſwered the lovely " ſtranger, whoſe name and degree I now impatiently longed to know, " but change the " hated theme; tie up my hair, and let me " dry my feet with thy napkin."

" My attention was alternately fixed by " her ſnowy neck;—by thoſe auburn treſſes " that fell thereon in lengthy ringlets;—by her " ſultry eyes which inſpired the beholder with " an inextinguiſhable paſſion;—by thoſe ſmall " feet and delicate ankles which ſhe had been " bathing in the brook. I continued to gaze " in ſilence on the beauteous ſtranger; and to " admire that inviolate modeſty which bluſhed " in a partial diſplay of its charms, even in " the preſence of her own ſex. She now withdrew with her companions, to join the reſt " of the company that waited: I aroſe, determined to follow, and if poſſible learn her " name; when among the perſons who advanced to meet her, I ſeen *Fitz-Allan*, a young " Norman of my acquaintance, him whom the " Queen had ſent to haſten my return to *Winchester*, as all things were prepared for my " journey to court, where *Harold* expected " me. I wiſhed to diſcover the name and " quality of the lovely Pilgrim; the latter, " from what I had overheard, was not mean;

" but though love had already made so great
" a progress in my heart; that heart was too
" delicate to desire the possession of one, al-
" ready attached to another; for though the
" lovely Pilgrim had not acknowledged, yet
" she had not disavowed any prepossession for
" another. I remained for some time uncer-
" tain how to proceed; at length resolved at
" once to obey the summons of the Queen,
" and to charge *Fitz-Allan* with the commission
" of discovering the names, quality and desti-
" nation of my fair unknown and her party:
" determined (unless *Fitz-Allan*'s report prov-
" ed highly unfavourable and deterring) as
" soon as I had been presented to *Harold*, to
" follow them."

" If the heart of my lovely Pilgrim be free;
" I may perhaps be fortunate enough to make
" some impression on it; and to gratify her fa-
" ther's ambition, offer to his acceptance the
" son of his King, for a son-in-law. During
" my journey to *Winchester*, this interesting
" object had entirely engrossed my thoughts;
" my interview with you, first diverted re-
" flection from that fascinating subject; nor
" can I therein accuse myself in permitting
" thought to wander from my fair Norman:
" it was but a transition from love to friendship;
" and, in EDWY I felicitate myself on that in-
" estimable acquisition, without which life is
" bereft of half its enjoyment; society becomes
" a solitude; and even the gifts of the mind,

uncherished

" uncheriſhed and uncommunicated in the " pleaſing interchange of ſentiments, are un- " productive. I have reſolved on giving thee " my friendſhip and confidence; while I " ſhould ſhrink from repoſing it in the cold and " diſpaſſionate heart of my prudential brother; " and ſhould favouring fortune enable me, " I will demonſtrate to EDWY, that I am not " unworthy his eſteem and attachment. If, " on our arrival at court, it may be deemed " unſafe for thee to appear there publicly, per- " haps I may entreat your acceptance of a com- " miſſion to go in queſt of her on whom I am " too ſenſible that my happineſs in a great de- " gree depends. The object of your miſſion, " my dear EDWY, will be accompliſhed, in " giving me the deſirable intelligence that her " heart is diſengaged;—you will in that caſe, " inform her of my ſentiments, and uſe all " thy eloquence on a friend's behalf." EDWY was about to anſwer, but was prevented by the arrival of a courier, who informed the Prince that " the King, deſirous of paying him " due honours, had diſpatched Earl *Goodwin* " to conduct him to the capital; and that the " Earl was approaching." *Alfred* had only time to deſire EDWY to " watch the arrival of " *Fitz-Allan*, whom he had ordered to return, " as ſoon as he had aſcertained the name and " abode of the Pilgrim;—" do thou, my bro- " ther," continued the Prince, " learn from

" *Fitz-Allan*,

" *Fitz-Allan*, the reſult of his inquiries, and " forthwith inform me."

Prince *Alfred* then rode ſwiftly on to meet Earl *Goodwin*, and EDWY, (to conceal himſelf) putting down his beaver, followed him.

The Prince and his little train were charmed with the reſpect and attention of the Earl at their meeting. But EDWY, well acquainted with the wily and perfidious character of *Goodwin*; was oppreſſed with an unaccountable preſentiment of ill; and began to entertain fears for the ſafety of *Alfred*: himſelf he eaſily concealed among the Norman Knights, but kept as near the Prince as he could.

They proceeded ſome miles, with every appearance of peace and honour; Lord *Goodwin* entertaining the unſuſpecting Prince with various ſubjects to beguile the time: *Guilford* Caſtle appeared at no great diſtance, and the Earl invited *Alfred* and his train to enter and take ſome refreſhment.

Alfred conſented; and EDWY, who had overheard part of his converſation with Lord *Goodwin*, was determined to ſeize the firſt opportunity to mention his ſuſpicion of the ſubtlety of the Earl, and put him on his guard; but as he approached, the Prince dropping behind thoſe who rode foremoſt, whiſpered EDWY—" Brother; *Fitz-Allan* is returned; " queſtion him concerning the commiſſion " with which I intruſted him, and at night, " when

" when we are freed from the reſtraint of " company, inform me how he has ſped."

Having arrived at *Guilford* caſtle, Lord *Goodwin* conducted the Prince into the inner court, and his attendants followed, except *Fitz-Allan*, whom EDWY detained to inquire of him the event of his journey, and alſo to prevent the Earl from inviting him to refreſh with the reſt, leſt he ſhould be obliged to take off his helmet in his preſence. *Fitz-Allan* went forward with the crowd, being engaged in converſation with one of the Normans, but told EDWY that he would ſpeedily return; the ſudden cloſing of the caſtle gates, prevented him, and EDWY remained alone: it was now near ſun-ſet, and he knew not but the Prince would continue there that night; chagrined on finding himſelf ſhut out, he walked a few turns round the walls: the gloom of night imperceptibly came on; while he prolonged his ſtay awaiting an opportunity of admittance: as he ſtood cloſe under one of the towers that overlooked the moat, a ſudden noiſe drew his attention thither, and looking up, he ſaw a man drop from a window to the ground, and haſtily caſting off his armour, throw himſelf into the water, and ſwim to the oppoſite ſide: EDWY aſſiſted him to land; and though too ſhort a time with the Prince, to know all his attendants, yet by this perſon's habit, he knew him to be Norman; and from his manner of eſcaping from the caſtle, he inferred ſome treachery

treachery concerted or acted: the Norman gave him no time for inquiry; but warning him to fly from thoſe fatal walls; they both mounted EDWY's horſe, and rode away; nor halted till they were half a league from the caſtle; they then entered a cottage which ſtood beſide the high-way; and while the peaſant prepared ſomewhat for their refreſhment; the Norman, who had urged EDWY to ſuch ſpeed, as precluded all opportunity of diſcourſe; now prepared to gratify EDWY's curioſity, and explain the cauſe of his ſudden flight from the caſtle.

END OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.

EDWY:

AN

HISTORIC TALE.

BOOK IX.

"I ARRIVED," ſaid the Norman, "but a "few moments before the Prince and his "treacherous eſcort reached *Guilford* Caſtle: "I had been employed by him on a ſecret "buſineſs, but could find no opportunity of "ſpeaking to him after he had entered thoſe, "I fear fatal walls"—"Art thou *Fitz-Allan?*" interrupted EDWY; "if thou art, I have it "in charge from the Prince to learn from thee "the ſucceſs of thy inquiry after ſome Pil-"grims he met on his return to *Wincheſter;* "—but ſay, *Fitz-Allan*, what meaneſt thou "by the words, *fatal walls!* ſurely the Prince "is not in danger!" "in imminent, I fear;" anſwered *Fitz-Allan*, "nor had ought but my "ſolicitude for the ſafety of Prince *Edward*, "whom I muſt haſten to put on his guard,

"induced

" induced me to quit that accurſed caſtle, at " leaſt till ſure of *Alfred*'s fate; but of which, " alas! I have little doubt!" " What fate!" (exclaimed EDWY)—" quickly ſpeak, *Fitz-* " *Allan*, and explain thy dreadful words?" " May Heaven preſerve the Prince," continued *Fitz-Allan*, " but we had no ſooner entered " the caſtle, than the gates were cloſed, and " Earl *Goodwin* taking the Prince by the hand, " conducted him haſtily into a hall, (whither " we all followed) and thence into an inner " chamber; the Prince's train, with ſeveral of " the Earl's, remaining in the hall. In a few " moments, the moſt heart-piercing cries ſtruck " our ears; and I heard theſe words, which " I knew to be uttered by the Prince;—*Take* " *my life, which thou haſt treacherouſly de-* " *prived me of the means of defending; but* " *torture me not; ſpare! O ſpare my eyes! if* " *thou haſt humanity!* The Normans attempt- " ed to force the chamber-door, but an armed " band that moment entering the hall, fell " upon, and cut them to pieces: finding re- " ſiſtance vain; and impelled by the love of " life, the preſervation of which might be the " means of ſaving that of Prince *Edward*; I " concealed myſelf during the bloody conteſt, " under a table, while amidſt the claſh of " arms, and the cries and groans of the " wounded and dying, I could yet diſtinguiſh " the voice of the unfortunate *Alfred*; who, " from words I diſtinctly heard, was by the

" accurſed

" accurſed *Goodwin*'s commands, deprived of
" ſight.——Alas! what would have availed
" the efforts of thrice our number for his de-
" liverance! The idea of ſaving the ſurviving
" Prince from deſtruction now inſpired me,
" and finding the window of a paſſage that
" led to one of the towers, open, I threw
" myſelf from it, and eſcaped as you ſeen;
" but let us under cover of the night, haſten
" to *Wincheſter*, and warn Prince *Edward* to
" be on his guard againſt that treaſon, which
" has deſtroyed his brother."

EDWY heard with aſtoniſhment and horror, the dreadful narrative of *Fitz-Allan*; and the fatal events which fruſtrated all hopes, whether for himſelf, or for the ſons of *Ethelred*: —He ſtood ſome minutes in ſpeechleſs anguiſh, his hands claſped, and his eyes directed toward Heaven;—he ſaid, " and thou too,
" torn from me—O *Alfred!* alas! my bro-
" ther! for ſuch thou would have proved to
" me, but the inclination to befriend the
" wretched EDWY, is ſufficient to bring de-
" ſtruction on any head. I had hopes that
" the loſs of royal *Edmund*, was well ſup-
" plied by the ingenuous and liberal charac-
" ter of *Alfred*; but fortune ſeems to have
" ſet her face againſt the Saxon race, while
" ſhe favours that of the Dane. I fear 'tis
" fruitleſs to contend, but let us endeavour to
" ſave the unſuſpecting *Edward*, who vainly
" expects the moſt flattering account of his

" brother's reception from *Harold*, and of
" which I was to have been the bearer. Do
" thou take my horſe and arms; ſpeed thee
" to *Wincheſter*; inform the Queen and Prince
" *Edward* of this diſaſtrous event: for me, I
" ſhall remain here, even in the vicinity of
" that fatal caſtle, till I know fully what has
" befallen the Prince."

The Peaſant now entered, and ſet before them their homely ſupper, of which with kind and hoſpitable entreaties he preſſed them to partake; *Fitz-Allan* (who had travelled all day without refreſhment, being impatient to impart his intelligence concerning the Pilgrims, to the Prince;) thus ſpoke:——" Alas!
" my dear maſter, little did I foreſee that my
" haſte to communicate the reſult of my com-
" miſſion; was urged only to arrive to hear
" thy cries of diſtreſs, whilſt I was unable to
" aid thee!"—Here EDWY, deſirous to know what *Fitz-Allan* deemed ſuch good tidings, deſired to be informed, and heard with increaſed ſorrow and aſtoniſhment, that the lovely Pilgrim, who had made ſo deep an impreſſion on the heart of *Alfred*, was no other than the daughter of Earl *Goodwin*: *Fitz Allan* informed him, that he ſoon overtook the Pilgrims; and pretending that his horſe had been lamed on the road, he had ſtopped and entered into converſation with one of them, who ſeemed in attendance on the reſt, and who made no difficulty of diſcovering their names, and the intent

tent of their journeying in that garb;—"As "the Lady *Editha*," ſaid the Pilgrim, "is "ſoon to be eſpouſed to the King, ſhe en- "treated that before ſhe gave her hand; the "Earl, her father, would permit her to per "form a pilgrimage to the ſhrine of *St. Ed-* "*mund*, of *Edmundſbury*; ſhe according ſet "out a few days ſince, attended as you ſee, "by ſome truſty ſervants of the Earl's; her "confeſſor, and three female attendants." "I "alſo learned from the Pilgrim, that," "Earl "*Goodwin*, impatient to ſet the crown on the "head of his daughter, could not conceal his "diſcontent at the indifference of *Harold*, who "took little pains to combat the delays formed "by the Lady *Editha*:" EDWY attended in mournful ſilence to *Fitz-Allan*'s diſcourſe, his fears for the life of *Alfred*, ſuperceding every other emotion of his heart; he ſuddenly interrupted *Fitz-Allan*, with the view to haſten his departure, and making him mount his horſe, he ſaw him take the road to *Wincheſter*.

EDWY returned to the cottage, to conſider how he could inform himſelf of the Prince's fate; the night was dark and ſtormy, and the rain beat hard on the roof of the cottage, which belonged to an old and lonely widow, of whoſe ſon EDWY borrowed a ruſtic dreſs, with which he diſguiſed himſelf; and at the firſt dawn went to the caſtle. Early as it was, he ſaw Earl *Goodwin* and his train preparing to be gone; EDWY, to prevent ſuſpicion, ſeemed

to employ himſelf in a neighbouring field, till they took horſe, and were out of ſight; he then went toward the caſtle gate, which was open, and the porter ſtill ſtanding at it, after attending the departure of the Earl:—EDWY ſtill perſonating a peaſant, began to ſort diſcourſe with the porter, whom he found as communicative as he could have wiſhed;—to EDWY's queſtion—"who thoſe were that had left the caſtle at ſo early an hour?" he anſwered, "meaneſt thou Earl *Goodwin*, who not long ſince departed; or thoſe who, at cock-crowing, went to *Ely Abbey?*" "I know not "the Earl," ſaid the pretended clown, "thoſe "I ſaw went long ſince, and one of them ap-"peared ſick, or in much pain." "Much "in pain indeed!" anſwered the porter with a ſneer; "he ſtands in need of a guide, not "being able to find his way." This cruel and unfeeling ſarcaſm confirming the fears of EDWY, he left the caſtle, and haſtened to *Ely Abbey*; he long watched about the gates, e'er he ſaw a face which he could truſt; at laſt a monk appeared, whoſe meek and gentle demeanour evinced a mixture of religion and benevolence; he ſoon obſerved the pretended peaſant, in whoſe looks ſorrow was painted, and a wiſh, and yet a fear to accoſt him.

The monk, in a mild tone, thus addreſſed him:—"My ſon, why art thou thus diſquiet-"ed?—and why is thy countenance troubled? "Speak freely thy wants or thy diſtreſs."—

"Alas!

"Alas! father," ſaid EDWY, "a brother of "mine was taken a few days ago into the ſer-"vice of Prince *Alfred*, who was on his way "to *London*; laſt evening they arrived at *Guil-*"*ford Caſtle*, the gates of which were ſhut as "ſoon as the Prince and his train had entered; "and I have in vain ſtrove to come at the "ſpeech of my brother; the gates were barred "againſt me; at laſt a domeſtic informed me, "that they were departed, and had entered "this abbey." "My ſon," ſaid the monk, while tears flowed down his venerable viſage, "thy brother is not here; the unfortunate *Al-*"*fred* is indeed here; but e'er long, he will "breath his laſt: he entered this abbey but a "few hours ago: he is bereft of ſight, and ob-"ſtinately refuſes all ſuſtenance or comfort:— "unable to behold him, I quitted his cham-"ber, where our abbot and all the brother-"hood attend, expecting that his death is not "very diſtant;—it becomes not me to examine "into this bloody buſineſs; but my heart is "deeply grieved at what I have ſeen and heard: "thou mayeſt depart, thy brother came not "here; none attended the Prince but ſome do-"meſtics of the caſtle;—thy brother, from his "low degree, has, it is moſt likely, eſcaped." "Eſcaped what, good father?" ſaid EDWY. "I know not, young man," anſwered the monk; "I am not in the bloody ſecret; our "orders indeed are to attend to the Prince, "but the ſervants of Earl *Goodwin* ſtir not

" from him: our cares are needleſs." One of the monks now came forth, and calling him who ſtood in diſcourſe with EDWY, to a little diſtance, with great earneſtneſs informed him of ſomewhat at which the good old father wrung his hands: the other monk ſeemed not ſo much affected, but returned to the abbey; the firſt prepared to follow, when beckoning to EDWY, he ſaid, " Begone, young man;—" ſeek thy brother elſewhere, he is not here;" nor is there any ſafety for thee in this place," if it be known that thou art attached in any-" wiſe to the unhappy *Alfred*, who has juſt " expired through grief and impatience at the " loſs of his ſight; if thou art obſerved by " thoſe who accompanied him here, thou may-" eſt rue it:—farewel! I am ſummoned to at-" tend his obſequies." He re-entered the gate of the abbey; and EDWY, dejected and inconſolable, returned to the cottage, where he paſſed the reſt of the day, and at ſun-ſet took his way to *Wincheſter*, which he did not reach till late the ſecond day. On his arrival, he went directly to the caſtle; but was refuſed admittance to the Queen:—he heard that a few moments after the arrival of *Fitz-Allan*, *Edward* had haſtily left *Wincheſter*, and fled to *Normandy*. As the grief of *Emma* confined her to her bed, nor permitted her to ſee EDWY; he left the caſtle; fatigued and ſinking under the bittereſt ſorrow, he ſought a place where to lodge, and the deſpair he gave way

to,

to, threatened to end at once his ſorrows and his life. He lay many days in a ſtate of inſenſibility, from which the charitable attentions of a monk, who was called to his aſſiſtance, recovered him; from this religious he learned, "that Queen *Emma*, ſhortly after the depar-"ture of *Edward*, who had eſcaped the pur-"ſuit of thoſe that were ſent to intercept his "flight, had received an order to leave *Eng-*"*land*;—that ſhe was gone to ſeek an aſylum "with *Baldwin*, Earl of *Flanders*, accompa-"nied by a few faithful ſervants who would "not forſake her in adverſity." Many days the ill-fated EDWY remained at *Wincheſter*, unable to reſolve on what ſteps to purſue; the ſanguine ardour of youth, which diſappointment and adverſity had ſuppreſſed, began to revive in his heart, which the affectionate behaviour of *Alfred*, during their little journey, had filled with the gayeſt hopes. On the ſucceſs of the Prince thoſe hopes had been founded; and they had together formed ſchemes in that juncture impracticable;—to go through the realm to re-kindle the latent ſparks of loyalty to the children of *Ethelred*, he deemed a poſſible, though not an eaſy taſk; and he reſolved to brave and deſpiſe the danger of it, to ſerve a brother for whom he already felt the warmeſt affection; and by whoſe friendſhip he hoped to emerge from that ſtate of obſcurity and dependance in which he had languiſhed

ſo

ſo great a portion of his days, and in proportion to theſe paſt hopes, was his ſorrow and deſpair.

As in his illneſs, EDWY had addreſſed himſelf to ſhrift, the good monk became acquainted with all his affairs, and every thought of his heart; and ſeeing no hope nor ſafety for him in *England*, adviſed his quitting it, and attaching himſelf to the perſon and fortune of *Edward*. "My ſon," ſaid the monk, "thy "life is in danger; already art thou proſcribed by *Canute*; nor haſt thou ought to hope "from his ſon; thou haſt nothing to hope from "Earl *Goodwin*, whoſe friendſhip depended "on the ſun-ſhine of thy fortune, and ever "vaniſhed when the latter was clouded by "adverſity: *Harold*, a ſtranger to thy perſon, "has nothing generous in his character; he "has no Saxon blood to boaſt of, or correct "the rapacious cruelty of the Daniſh race, "from which he is ſprung; and from his treacherous conduct to Prince *Alfred*, all who "are allied to *Ethelred* have cauſe to tremble, "and to avoid his power, which will ſtop at "nothing to ſecure the throne he has obtained, "and near which he will ſuffer no rival, nor "dangerous perſon; and I think, in reward "for his bloody ſervice, Earl *Goodwin* will "meet the fate of the traitor *Oſrick*, for the "murder of *Edmund Ironſides*." "Say, good "father," ſaid EDWY impatiently, "what was "that?—for long abſent, and living in obſcurity, I have never heard what became of that "bloody

"bloody traitor?"—"He died that death he "juſtly merited," replied the monk; "but "you would know the manner of it:—As *Ca-* "*nute*, when he had removed all who ſtood "between him and the crown, wiſhed to eſta- "bliſh the character of a good Prince; he fa- "voured alike his *Engliſh* and *Daniſh* ſubjects; "of the former, Earl *Goodwin* ſoon became "the moſt powerful among the nobles of *Ca-* "*nute*, who at once deteſting the character, "and dreading the perfidy of *Oſrick*, (of which "himſelf, however, had profited) he deter- "mined to rid himſelf of that man, in whom "he could not confide, and whom no favours "could bind:—the partiality he ſhewed Earl "*Goodwin*, and the indifference with which "he treated *Oſrick*, excited the jealouſy of the "latter, who haughty, impetuous, and iraſ- "cible, re-minded *Canute* (a ſpecies of offence "never forgiven by Princes) of his ſervices, "and in particular, that of removing a dan- "gerous rival; this was the moment the Da- "niſh Prince waited for; he flew into a rage, "retorting, that" 'ſince *Oſrick* ſo audaciouſly 'avowed the crime, of which hitherto he had 'been but ſuſpected, he ſhould receive his due 'reward.' 'Thou upbraideſt me,' continued continued the King, 'that for thy good ſervi- 'ces I ſhould advance thee above all the no- 'bles of the realm; I will do ſo!'—"and "without giving him time to reply, he order- "ed him to inſtant execution; his Daniſh "guards

" guards hurried *Oſrick* out of the palace; he " was beheaded; his body thrown into the " *Thames*; and his head fixed on the higheſt " pinnacle of the tower of *London*.

" Thus did this Lord receive the reward of " his treachery, and he remains a fearful " warning to thoſe that ſcruple nothing to " ſerve the powerful, who notwithſtanding " are ſeldom found grateful."

" But what," ſaid EDWY, " became of " *Edgith*, the wife of *Oſrick?*" " She lin- " gered," anſwered the monk, " a few years " of miſery, after the murder of her brother, " and died of a broken heart, not long be- " fore the death of her huſband." " Un- " happy race of *Ethelred!*" ſaid EDWY,— " what a mournful fate purſues ye!—but, " Father, do you not think that *Harold* will " yet puniſh *Goodwin* for the death of *Al- " fred?*"—" I do; though not from a prin- " ciple of humanity or right, for ſure I am, " they together concerted the baſe and bloody " buſineſs; but his fears, (the eternal tor- " mentors of guilty ambition) will impel *Ha- " rold* to remove that powerful, and therefore " to him dangerous, ſubject:"—" Yet," ſaid EDWY, ſighing, " the King will wed his beau- " teous daughter!" " That event," replied the monk, " will perhaps haſten his fate, as it " will increaſe his arrogance, and inveſt him " with a ſtill greater ſhare of that authority

" which

" which the jealouſy of *Harold* wiſhes to an-
" nihilate or limit."

EDWY ſtood ſilently revolving the fond recollections and tender ſentiments which filled his heart, he dreaded the cenſure of the monk, if he ſhould venture to declare to him his paſſion for the beauteous *Editha;* a ſtranger himſelf to paſſion, he was juſtly apprehenſive that the confeſſion would be heard with diſapprobation rather than with ſympathy; yet as love ſtill encourages hope while reaſon deſpairs; EDWY at times flattered himſelf that fate which had, though in a manner ſo afflictive, removed the obſtacle to his hopes, which the paſſion of *Alfred* cauſed; might yet promote their union; and from the intereſting converſation between *Editha* and her attendant, which the unfortunate Prince had overheard; the daughter of Earl *Goodwin* was certainly averſe to her marriage with *Harold*, and might eventually avoid the propoſed union; yet *Alfred*, that dear and affectionate friend and brother, had been deprived of life by the cruelty of her father: hence the regret and ſorrow of EDWY ſtruggling with his love, reſembled in effect water poured on the flame which alternately remits and blazes forth, but is not wholly extinguiſhed. While EDWY thus continued to ſuffer the painful conflict of different emotions, he heard that the moſt ſplendid preparations were going forward for the celebration of the Lady *Editha*'s nuptials with *Harold:* Struck

to

to the heart by this intelligence, he felt as if his hopes had been well founded, and were then ſuddenly overthrown, although a moment before he had fancied he could exert reſolution enough to indulge thoſe hopes no longer. Such is the paſſion of love!—unable to conceal his grief at this laſt ſtroke of fortune, he reſolved to leave a country, where happineſs and proſperity ſeemed to fly him; and avoid witneſſing a marriage which he could not prevent, and which fruſtrated all his hopes.

Finding his health now ſufficiently reſtored to undertake a journey; he went to take leave of the good monk, from whom he had experienced ſo much benevolence and kindneſs; reſuming his Palmer's habit, and preparing to bid farewel to *England*.

END OF THE NINTH BOOK.

EDWY:

AN HISTORIC TALE.

BOOK X.

THE good monk, on parting with EDWY, exhorted him "To reſiſt deſpondency; "and to ſupport, with that reſignation to the "will of Heaven, in which conſiſts true mag- "nanimity, whatſoever trials and diſappoint- "ments he might yet be called on to ſuffer; "conſidering human exiſtence as an immenſe "theatre, on which each individual acts that "part aſſigned him by PROVIDENCE; in ACT- "ING THAT PART WELL, alone lies the honour "and the deſert;—nor think that adverſity is, "as a ſtate of probation, leſs ſupportable than "proſperity:—No! adverſity calls into act "thoſe virtues which exalt the dignity of hu- "man nature:—HIM whom our Holy Religi- "on ſuppoſes to have effected the Redemption "of mankind, was "*a man of ſorrows, and*

" *acquainted with grief.*" " Proſperity, far " from being the friend of virtue, corrupts " the heart; it tries indeed the temper of the " ſoul, but calls forth only its frailties or vi- " ces:—Let us then conſole us, amidſt our " ignorance of what is really good or evil for " us, amidſt our general ignorance of the real " value of human life, that the direction of " events is in the WILL of that SUPREME BE- " ING whoſe BENEVOLENCE extends to all HIS " creatures; and in WHOSE SIGHT all ranks, " all conditions of men are equal:—to HIS " guidance and protection I now commit thee!"

Somewhat conſoled by thoſe pious and friendly exhortations of the liberal-minded and philanthropic monk, EDWY took his way to the port, where finding a bark ready to ſail for *France*, he went on board, and wiſhing to avoid all ſociety, he ſeated himſelf at the ſide of the veſſel, and amuſed himſelf with looking at the preparation of the mariners for beginning their voyage. It was evening before the bark was ready to get under way for *France*. EDWY remained thoughtfully reclining over the ſide of the veſſel; and with penſive eye ſurveying the receding ſhores of his beloved *Albion*.

Not ſuppoſing that there was any perſon on board acquainted with the Saxon language, the diſconſolate EDWY, already loſing that firmneſs which the diſcourſe of the monk had inſpired, ſunk to deſpondence, and became a prey

prey to the melancholy reflections which crouded on his mind:—"Never," said he impatiently, "never have I entertained a hope which "was not dashed by the most cruel disappoint-"ment!—better were it had I never beheld "the light of heaven!" These words which were interrupted by sighs that bespoke the deepest sorrow, had awakened a man who had slept on the deck at no great distance from EDWY; he being as impatient to view the French coast, as EDWY was anxious to retain sight of that which he had left. "Father," said the stranger, in the *Norman* tongue, "I will not deceive thee; tho' "I speak it not fluently, I understand that lan-"guage in which thou hast given vent to thy "grief." "Then thou hast heard the most "unhappy of men bewail his fate," answered EDWY. The stranger now advancing toward EDWY, seated himself at his side.

The moon now began to cast her pale beams on the bosom of the deep; and the stranger looking earnestly on EDWY for some time, said, "So young, and yet to have known such sor-"row, as to occasion the complaints I have "heard thee utter!"—EDWY answered but by a deep sigh.—"Why," continued the stranger, "dost thou not reflect that thou art not alone "in misfortune, and that from the prince to "the peasant, none are exempt from the sad "lot of mortality!"

"How ſhould it," ſaid EDWY, "diminiſh "my ſorrow, that others ſuffer in common "with me the preſſure of misfortune? does "the heart of ſenſibility feel leſs pain in a ſo-"cial participation of the general ſufferings "of mankind, than in the ſolitary enjoyment "of its own? or rather does it not thence de-"rive ſuper-added woe? Selfiſh ſouls alone "can feel their own ſorrows leſſened by the "calamities of others."

"Yet," rejoined the ſtranger, "to ſee others "bear with fortitude the ills of life, ſhould "at leaſt inſpire ſome degree of firmneſs in "ourſelves."

"Ah!" replied EDWY, "ever prone to in-"culcate compoſure and patience is the heart "at eaſe! thus to the wretch waſted by the "conſuming anguiſh of a hopeleſs paſſion; "to the lover or the friend from whom death "has prematurely torn the object which con-"ſtituted their felicity———"Know, Pil-"grim," haſtily interrupted the ſtranger, "know, that though unconcerned at my own "calamities, at the deſtruction of all my hopes; "yet at this moment I feel the moſt poignant "ſorrow for the recent misfortunes of ano-"ther. *Alfred! Edward!* ill-fated Princes! "what are my ſufferings when compared to "yours!"—"Why art thou," ſaid EDWY, "ſo intereſted for thoſe Princes? or what "knoweſt thou of their fortunes?"—Alas!" replied the man, "no reſerves are now neceſ-

"ſary

"ſary in mentioning them;—but didſt thou "know them?" "I was," anſwered EDWY, "in *Alfred*'s train, when at *Guilford* Caſtle "he was deprived of ſight by the baſe and "bloody treachery of *Goodwin*; I know that "he ſhortly after expired at *Ely Abbey*."— "And how," aſked the ſtranger, "didſt thou "eſcape?" EDWY informed him of whatever he knew concerning the fate of the Princes; but he concealed his own name and quality from the ſtranger; declaring however his attachment to the unfortunate ſons of *Ethelred*. "Unfortunate, indeed," ſaid the man, "and "if we conſider the loſs of their hopes; the "end of one, and the fate which menaces the "other, how few of thoſe who are called unfor-"tunate, can compare their ſorrows with thoſe "of the ſons of *Ethelred!* (Here the expreſſive geſtures of EDWY, indicated to the ſtranger, that the ſorrows of the Princes might *perhaps* be exceeded;) "thou doſt not think then, "that exiled from that country, to the throne "of which they poſſeſſed a hereditary right; "that to exiſt in baniſhment on the bounty "of ſtrangers; to find the exertions of a gene-"rous friend and faithful ally in their behalf; "and their own hopes, at once rendered ab-"hortive; and finally to behold that friend "ſnatched from them by death, at the time "that his aſſiſtance was moſt wanting."—— "Why! whom doſt thou allude to?" ſaid EDWY, "for many years paſt retired from the

"world, I have lived in ignorance of what "has been paſſing therein; ſay then, who was "this friend?" "The friend," ſaid the ſtranger, "of whom I ſpeak, was *Robert* duke of "*Normandy*, ſon of Duke *Richard*, at whoſe "court the ſons of *Ethelred* reſided after the "marriage of their mother with *Canute*. When "Duke *Richard* conducted his ſiſter to *Eng-*"*land*, to eſpouſe the Daniſh Prince, *Robert* "ſhared the diſcontent of her ſons; who, "with him, felt much indignation at the mar-"riage of the Duke with the Daniſh Princeſs; "from her, however, they were ſoon deli-"vered; as Duke *Richard*'s averſion to his "bride, determined him to divorce her; and "by his death, which happened not long af-"ter; the Dukedom devolved to *Robert*; as "his elder brother *Richard*, ſhortly followed "his father to the grave."

"*Robert*, who poſſeſſed great generoſity, "and many virtues, allayed only by a thirſt "of power, which however he never exer-"ciſed tyrannically; ſhewed the Engliſh "Princes every mark of affection, and his "firſt thoughts were turned to the advance-"ment of their intereſts, and called a coun-"cil, to debate on the moſt effectual meaſures "to purſue; and his nobles adviſed him to "aſſail *Canute* firſt by fair means, and to ſend "ambaſſadors to entreat that he would give "the Engliſh Princes ſome part of the king-"dom of their anceſtors."

"When

" When this embaſſy arrived, *Canute* found " himſelf ſo firmly ſeated on the Engliſh " throne; that he diſregarded alike the prof- " fered friendſhip, and the indirect menaces " of the Norman Duke; diſmiſſing the am- " baſſadors with a refuſal even to admit the " Engliſh Princes into the kingdom."

" But a few minutes ſince,"—interrupted EDWY, " and I repined at that ſecluſion in " which I was ſo long in ignorance of what " was paſſing in the world; but I now am " ſenſible how much anxiety, ſuſpenſe, and " diſappointment I have eſcaped!—but pro- " ceed to inform me what prevented the Nor- " man Prince from aiding his kinſman" The ſtranger, whoſe name was *D'Albanet*, thus proceeded:

" Duke *Robert* was ſo incenſed at the haughty " anſwer of *Canute*; that he determined to " compel him to do juſtice to the ſons of *Ethel-* " *red*; he called his men at arms; he fitted " out a powerful fleet, on board of which he " embarked a numerous army. One hundred " of the youth of *Normandy*, the flower of " that ſpirited nobility; offered to make their " firſt eſſay in arms, and reſtore the Engliſh " Princes to their rights: of thoſe, fifty at- " tended Prince *Alfred*, who with ſome of " the moſt experienced commanders, went on " board the fleet; while Prince *Edward* re- " mained with the Duke, who, with a band " of choſen ſpearmen, and another of expert

" archers:

" archers: and the fifty young knights who
" had attached themſelves to Prince *Edvard*,
" were to follow in a few days."

" I accompanied Prince *Alfred*, and never
" did I ſee a more promiſing youth. (EDWY
ſighed, but ſuffered *d'Albanet* to proceed with-
out interruption.) " Our expedition wore a
" gallant and ſplendid appearance; every one
" acted with chearfulneſs and zeal; the Prince
" was filled with gay hopes; much he careſſed,
" and much did he promiſe his friends and ad-
" herents. A deceitful calm ſmoothed the
" boſom of the deep:—the gallies waited a
" ſignal from that in which the Prince was em-
" barked, to put to ſea. The purple ſtream-
" ers were ſcarcely agitated by the light
" breeze; at once three joyful cheers were gi-
" ven from each veſſel, and anſwered from the
" ſhore:—the rowers at once ſtrike their oars,
" ſwiftly cut through the ocean, and ſoon
" were we out of ſight. At midnight a freſh-
" er breeze ſprung up; and before morning,
" it increaſed to a hurricane. Happily it blew
" from the Engliſh coaſt; but before evening,
" not three of our numerous fleet appeared in
" view; ſome foundered at ſea, and all on board
" periſhed; others were driven on different
" coaſts: the bark in which was *Alfred* and
" the greater part of the young Norman
" knights were, after being toſſed during three
" days and nights of horror, on the raging
" deep: at one moment ready to ſwallow
" them;

"them; at another, lifting them on the top of
"mountain billows which threatened death,
"to which we reſigned ourſelves, and awaited
"its approach with horrible ſuſpenſe; at laſt
"a low ſandy ſhore appeared in view, and to
"it the united efforts of the wind and tide,
"to which we had abandoned ourſelves, now
"impelled us; our helm was broken, our
"oars, benches, and ſome of the rowers ſwept
"away by the waves: our veſſel ſoon ſtuck
"in the ſand; but as the tempeſt had conſide-
"rably abated, we patiently waited the turn
"of the tide:—at laſt it began to retire, and
"we ventured into the boat, the only one not
"waſhed away by the waves. *Alfred* would
"have ſent it to ſhore, filled with the chief of
"of thoſe on board, but all generouſly refuſed
"to leave the bark unleſs he accompanied them.
"The tide was favourable, and ſoon we all
"reached the ſhore in ſafety. We kneeled in
"gratitude to heaven for our eſcape; and yet,
"though the Prince ſhewed the ſincereſt joy
"at our eſcape, he ſeemed to droop under the
"diſappointment of his hopes, and the loſs of
"ſo many friends as had periſhed; nor would
"he receive comfort until aſſured of the ſafe-
"ty of the Duke and young *Edward*. The
"coaſt on which we were caſt, belonged to
"the French King, who owed the poſſeſſion
"of his crown to the aſſiſtance of the Duke of
"*Normandy*, and was in ſtrict friendſhip with
"him; we therefore purſued our way in ſafe-

"ty

" ty to the city of *Rouen*, where the Duke and " Prince *Edward* remained in the utmoſt anxi- " ety for the ſafety of the fleet, fearful them- " ſelves of embarking until aſſured of our " ſafety.

" The meeting was mournful; but *Robert* " comforted his young kinſmen with hopes of " better ſucceſs another time; and renewed " his promiſe of aſſiſtance when he could col- " lect his ſcattered forces. Meantime a herald " arrived from *England* with a meſſage from " *Canute*, evidently to amuſe the Norman " Duke; the herald was admitted inſtantly to " an audience, and with much ſeeming cour- " teſy, ſaid, 'that as Duke *Robert* intereſted " himſelf for the ſons of *Ethelred*, the King of " *England* would give them part of the king- " dom of *Weſſex*.' " *Robert* could ſcarce con- " tain his indignation at this taunt, as he deem- " ed it; and the ſhipwreck alone of his fleet " prevented his anſwering it by a defiance, " and an immediate invaſion; he diſmiſſed " the herald however, with this anſwer:— " That when the Duke of *Normandy* returned " from the Holy Land, where he had vowed " a pilgrimage, he would accompany the Eng- " liſh Princes to the kingdom of their anceſ- " tors, and ſee what part of it they were inti- " tled to." " This was the firſt notice of *Ro-* " *bert*'s deſign to viſit *Paleſtine*; and they heard " it with diſcontent:—to the Princes it was as " a thunder-bolt; but the Duke was immovea-

" ble,

"ble, and not to be turned from his purpoſe,
"in which his Biſhops confirmed him. Ever
"ſince he had obtained the dukedom, his ſub-
"jects had preſſed him to marry, but he al-
"ways declined it; and the cauſe of his refu-
"ſal now appeared:—During the life of his
"father, *Robert* became enamoured at *Falaiſe*,
"of a young maid of low birth, but great beau-
"ty, named *Arlotta**;—by her he had a ſon
"named *William*, of whom he became ſo proud,
"as to form the deſign of leaving his domini-
"ons to him at his death;—but theſe thoughts,
"though they engroſſed him much, did not
"prevent his feeling for the ſad fortune of *Al-*
"*fred* and *Edward*, and providing for their
"eaſe and ſafety during his abſence. By the
"juſtice and liberality of his conduct, *Robert*
"had gained the affections of his people; and
"when he convened the ſtates, and conjured
"them, ſhould he not return, to receive young
"*William* as their ſovereign; their affection
"for him made them unwilling to refuſe:—he
"then made them ſwear fealty to his ſon, as
"his preſumptive heir; and appointed *Alain*,
"Duke of *Bretagne*, regent of *Normandy*;—
"him he inveſted with abſolute authority,
"and recommended the Engliſh Princes to his
care."

"He then carried young *William* to the court
"of *France*, and committed him to the care of

* From whence came the term *Harlot*.

"King

"King *Henry*, to whom he alſo committed his "education; and making his ſon do homage "as if he were already Duke of *Normandy*, "departed on his pilgrimage. The commoti- "tions and broils that raged during the firſt "abſence of *Robert*, were hardly quelled by "the authority of the regent, e'er a rumour "prevailed that the Duke was dead. The "Engliſh Princes were at this news thrown in- "to the utmoſt conſternation, which was in- "creaſed by the death of the regent, who had "ever been warmly their friend; and whom "his enemies were ſuſpected of having remov- "ed by poiſon. Scarce were the Princes reco- "vered from the horror and grief occaſioned "by this ſad tragedy, when ſome of the Duke's "train arrived, and confirmed the news of "his death. The attendants reported, that "the penance inflicted on himſelf by *Robert*, "was ſo violent as to ruin his health;—in vain "he had vowed to found and enrich churches "and abbeys;—he lived not to perform thoſe "vows;—and ſome ſcrupled not to ſay, that "remorſe for having haſtened the death of his "elder brother, was the real motive of his pil- "grimage; and that of his Biſhops for adviſ- "ing it;"—"as if," ſaid EDWY, "the moſt "auſtere mortifications, obſequious rites, or "coſtly gifts, can atone for tranſgreſſing the "commands of the God of truth and goodneſs." "I fear me," went on *d'Albanet*, "that the "ſinner greatly deceives himſelf in ſuch ex-

pectations.

" pectations. The deaths of Duke *Robert* and " the regent ended all the hopes of *Alfred* and " *Edward*, who remained in retirement and " dejection, till they heard of the death of " *Canute*, and the acceſſion of *Harold Hare-* " *foot* to the throne. You who were in *Eng-* " *land*, know why the Princes were recalled to " that kingdom, and how unfortunately the " journey was terminated in the cruel death of " one, and the ruin of the other's hopes."— Here *d'Albanet* pauſed, and after a ſhort mournful ſilence, went on:—" I had been prevent- " ed by ſickneſs from attending Prince *Alfred* " to court, or from leaving the kingdom with " *Edward*; but am going to ſeek him, yet a " helpleſs fugitive himſelf;—little can he do " for his moſt faithful ſervants; however I " brought him up, and while life is lent me, " never will I forſake him in bad or better for- " tune."

EDWY buried in ſadneſs at theſe freſh inſtances of the ill fortune that purſued the race of *Ethelred*, at laſt broke ſilence to thank *d'Albinet*, to whom, however, he thought it uſeleſs to reveal who he was; but informed himſelf where he might hear of *Edward*, ſhould he be diſpoſed to viſit him."

Morning now appeared, and as the light increaſed, it diſcovered the coaſt of *France*, and before noon they arrived at the port to which they were bound: going on ſhore,

D'Albanet went in ſearch of the Prince, and EDWY took his way to the Hermitage of *Ademar*.

The good *Ademar* rejoiced at his return, and though now bending beneath the weight of years, yet the ſight and ſociety of his friend ſeemed to reſtore to him new life; he liſtened to all the trying viciſſitude of fortune that had befallen EDWY ſince their ſeparation; and, (himſelf reſigned) he ſought to teach him reſignation.

The declining ſtate of *Ademar* prevented EDWY from leaving him to viſit young *Edward*; who, ſince the death of the Duke of *Normandy*, and the Regent; he feared had little influence, and leſs hope of ever returning to *England*.

Ademar lingered three years on the verge of the grave, before he was releaſed; and as ſoon as EDWY had performed the laſt duties to him; he prepared once more to viſit the world, and ſeek out *Edward*.

He continued to wear the habit of a Pilgrim; and leaving the Hermitage in the care of a peaſant, he bent his courſe to the neareſt city; and took up his abode at the houſe of a man who had been in Queen *Emma*'s train, and whom he remembered to have ſeen at *Wincheſter*, from him he hoped to hear news of *Edward*.

The firſt intelligence he received from the Norman, filled him with joy, he heard, "that

"*Harold*

" *Harold Harefoot* was dead:" " and who," (impatiently aſked EDWY,) " has ſucceeded to " the Engliſh throne?" " *Hardy Canute*," anſwered his informer, " who had but lately " returned from *England:*" " But how died " *Harold?*" demanded EDWY, " and did he " eſpouſe the daughter of Earl *Goodwin?*"— " He did not," went on the Norman, " he " found excuſes to poſtpone the marriage un- " til his death, which happened ſuddenly: " During his ſhort reign he performed no me- " morable action, but that of contriving the " death of Prince *Alfred*; baniſhing the wi- " dow of his father, the kingdom; and he " made but one law; which was, that a " Welchman, who entered *England*, or paſſed " *Offa*'s Ditch, without leave, ſhould loſe his " right hand:"—" But inform me," ſaid EDWY, " why the Engliſh preferred the ſon " of *Canute*, to *Edward*, deſcended from " their ancient Kings?" " Of that," continu- ed the Norman, " I am ignorant, unleſs the " ſtronger party of the Danes over-ruled them: " the aſſembled nobles agreed to offer the " Crown to *Hardy Canute*, perhaps to prevent " the blood which they feared would be ſpilt, " ſhould the latter aſſert the right he had ac- " quired by his fathers's will to ſucceed *Ha-* " *rold Harefoot:* He was at the city of *Bruges* " which Earl *Baldwin* had aſſigned to Queen " *Emma*, as her abode, concerting with her " meaſures for the recovery of the kingdom

" of *Weſſex*; when their conſultations were
" joyfully ended by the arrival of the Daniſh
" and Engliſh Lords, who were come to of-
" fer him the crown. *Emma*, entirely negli-
" gent of the intereſt of *Edward*, (who had
" not joined her at *Bruges*, but lived retired
" at *Rouen*; ſet ſail with her ſon by *Canute*,
" once more for *England*. He took with him
" ſome ſhips, which he had brought from *Den-*
" *mark*, and I was among the ſervants of the
" Queen: The new King was received with
" every demonſtration of joy, both by the
" Danes and Engliſh:"—" O blind, fickle
" people! exclaimed EDWY, " as uncertain
" as your various climate!—but finiſh thy
" detail;"—the Norman went on:

" Earl *Goodwin*, though he had little rea-
" ſon to rejoice at the arrival of *Hardy Ca-*
" *nute*, after the part himſelf had acted; was
" among the firſt to do him homage; the
" King paid no diſtinction to any; but began
" his reign with an act of revenge and cruelty
" ſo uncommon, as filled even his Daniſh ſub-
" jects with horror and diſguſt."

" The ceremony of his coronation was
" hardly over, when, as if the grave was no
" ſanctuary from his revenge, he ordered the
" body of *Harold* to be diſinterred, and in
" his preſence, thrown into the *Thames:* but
" Heaven diſpleaſed at ſuch indecent cruelty
" from a brother, rendered his endeavours
" fruitleſs; the body torn from its ſhroud,

" floated,

" floated, was found and carried by ſome fiſh-
" ermen to a Daniſh Lord, who was attached
" to the memory of *Harold*, and who privately
" buried it in *St. Clement Dane*'s church, the
" burial place of his countrymen."

" Not long after, Prince *Edward* arrived
" in *England*; he came but ſlenderly attended,
" as thoſe appointed as guardians of the Duke-
" dom of Normandy for young *William*, du-
" ring his minority, thought themſelves not
" at liberty to laviſh, what was intruſted to
" their care. *Edward* concealing his reſent-
" ment, at his mother's conduct, determined
" to obtain ſome footing in *England* on any
" terms; he knew that neither his brother nor
" the Queen loved Earl *Goodwin*, and ſoon
" after his arrival at court, where he was re-
" ceived, if not cordially, at leaſt with civi-
" lity, he ſignified, that " the cauſe of his
" coming to *England*, was to demand juſtice
" againſt that Lord, for the murder of his
" brother Prince *Alfred*."

END OF THE TENTH BOOK.

EDWY:

AN

HISTORIC TALE.

BOOK XI.

"*HARDY CANUTE*, who was glad of any excuſe to be revenged on Earl *Goodwin* (of whoſe power he alſo ſtood ſomewhat in awe) for what he had done in favour of *Harold*, againſt himſelf; readily promiſed *Edward* the juſtice he demanded; the Queen alſo, who hated *Goodwin*, joined in the requeſt of the Prince. The Earl was cited to appear, and anſwer to the charge againſt him: he intreated a month to prepare the proofs of his innocence; but before the day of trial arrived, he preſented the King a gift of ſuch magnitude as induced him for the preſent to forget his own cauſe of enmity, and acquit him of *Alfred*'s murder; on his oath, that he was innocent of it: the Queen, who on no account would contend with

with her ſon, with whoſe diſpoſition ſhe was acquainted, ſeemed ſatisfied, and *Edward* was forced to follow her example." "Heavens!" ſaid EDWY, "what a world have I eſcaped "living in!—but ſay what was this preſent, "ſo rare or ſplendid as to appeaſe the hatred "of *Emma* and her ſons?—"It was indeed," ſaid the Norman, "as beautiful as rare, and and muſt have been procured at a vaſt expence; it was a galley, whoſe ſtern was carved and gilded in a curious manner; it was armed by fourſcore ſoldiers all young, of a gallant port, and trained to arms; each of whom wore on his arm a golden bracelet, weighing eighteen ounces, and armed with ſwords and helmets glittering with gold; each alſo bore a Daniſh battle axe, whoſe handle was adorned with gold, and a lance ornamented in like manner: all things elſe in the galley were in the ſame magnificent ſtile, and charmed ſo much the covetous temper of *Hardy Canute*, that it made him forget the ties of blood, or his own cauſe of diſlike to the Earl."

"I was then in the houſehold of the Queen, who ruled the land with more authority than in the life of *Canute*. Her utmoſt wiſh being obtained, ſhe did not riſque the jealouſy of the King, her ſon, by ſhewing any partiality to *Edward*; and the poor Prince remained in quiet at court, a ſpectator of the intemperance and cruelty of his brother, who paſſed all his days in feaſting and carouſals. Four times a day

day were his tables ſpread, and open to all comers; not from any generous hoſpitality in his temper; but becauſe he liked a joyous company around him; and ſo much did he delight in ſuch ſociety that he was invited to every marriage feaſt of any note in his capital.

"One day, as he was celebrating the marriage of a Daniſh lord, he drank and eat to ſuch exceſs, as in a few hours after, to occaſion his death at *Lambeth*, where the feaſt was held; and from the agonies he ſuffered before his death, it was thought poiſon had been given him. The Engliſh did not conceal their joy; and they keep as a holy-day that on which he died, and call it, "*Hog*'s-*Tide*."—The Queen, who felt unfeigned ſorrow for his death, ſtrove to hide it under a ſhew of concern for the intereſt of *Edward*.

"The nobles ſeemed at a loſs whom to chuſe as ſucceſſor to *Hardy Canute*; the Engliſh wiſhed to reſtore the race of their Saxon monarchs; and as *Edward* had lived ſo much out of *England*, and was little known, they thought it but juſt to recal *Edward*, the ſon of *Edmund Ironſides*, who ſtill reſides at the court of *Hungary*; but *Emma*, whoſe intereſt it was to ſecure the throne for her own ſon, counſelled him to court the aſſiſtance of Earl *Goodwin*. It was ſcarce a year ſince *Edward* had arraigned this lord as the murderer of his brother, and it was with reluctance he ſolicited his friendſhip. He gained it with more eaſe than he

he expected; and he ſoon found that the Earl was ſo powerful, and of ſuch eminent political talents, that, had he not engaged him in his intereſts, he never would have ſucceeded as he has done."

"Then he is King!" exclaimed EDWY, "a "ſon of *Ethelred* on the throne of his anceſ- "tors!"—"Moſt ſurely," ſaid the Norman. "Then," ſaid EDWY joyfully, "I forget the "calamities of my paſt life!"—But what more canſt thou inform me of?—ſay on, and excuſe my interrupting thee:—"I was about to tell thee," went on the Norman, "that as four Daniſh Kings had ſat on the Engliſh throne, the Danes, a powerful party in the kingdom, wanted to ſet the crown on the head of *Sweyn*, the brother of *Harold Harefoot*, born in *Denmark*; but the power of *Goodwin* was ſo great, as to over-rule the different factions;—and frankly telling *Edward*, (whom he convinced of his influence) that, "on one condition, he "ſhould have all his aid in gaining the "crown:"—he propoſed to him his daughter in marriage, and made him bind himſelf by a ſolemn oath, to eſpouſe her." "Whom ſayeſt thou," cried out EDWY pale and trembling;—"not *Editha!*" "The ſame," anſwered the Norman;" "he has no other daughter."—"And did *Edward*—did the brother of *Alfred* "comply with ſuch baſe terms?" aſked EDWY, endeavouring to hide his ſorrow and ſurprize. "What could he do?" ſaid the Norman;" "ſince

"ſince his arrival in *England*, he had learned from one of thoſe who had been in the Earl's train, and was preſent at the barbarous treatment of Prince *Alfred*; and who deteſting the cruelty, though unable to prevent it, had left Earl *Goodwin*'s ſervice, and entered into that of *Edward*, on his arrival in *England*; this perſon had informed Prince *Edward*, that "the "Earl offered to aſſiſt the Prince, his brother, "in dethroning *Harold*, (whom he found diſ-"inclined to marry his daughter) on conditi-"on that *he* would eſpouſe *Editha*; and it was "the Prince's rejecting her, that made the Earl "act with the cruelty he did." "Juſt hea-"ven!" ſaid EDWY, "what do I hear!— "what a wayward fate attended that poor "Prince!—He loved the beauteous *Editha*, "without knowing it was ſhe; he ſaw her in "the habit of a Palmer a few hours before her "father offered her to his acceptance; and full "of the idea of the lovely Pilgrim, he reject-"ed, ſomewhat unceremonioufly, the daugh-"ter of Earl *Goodwin*, whom he knew not. "Unhappy, ill-fated *Alfred!*" continued EDWY, "I remember me, I was then in the train of "the Prince, and juſt behind him, as he and "the Earl rode together; for ſome time they "talked ſo low as to prevent my hearing diſ-"tinctly what they ſaid; but from a word or "two, I gathered that *Alfred* rejected ſome "propoſal the Earl made him, who at laſt in "a louder voice than he yet had ſpoke in, "ſaid,

" ſaid, " Be not concerned, my lord, you ac-
" cept my offer, as it was made, in jeſt; nor
" could you ſuppoſe it made in earneſt; or
" that I would riſque a certainty for an uncer-
" tainty, and ſlight the alliance of a crowned
" head, for one of dependant fortune."—
" This I overheard, but had not time to reflect
" on it; as we arrived at *Guildford* caſtle a
" few moments after; but which I did not en-
" ter with the Prince, having reaſons for keep-
" ing out of Lord *Goodwin*'s ſight; but I am
" now certain that it was his daughter the Earl
" offered the Prince. Alas! unhappy, ill-fat-
" ed *Alfred!* it would have been ſome plea-
" ſure to reſign my happineſs to conſtitute
" thine!" " It was," (reſumed the Norman,
but without heeding the laſt words of EDWY)
" as you ſay; and it was the knowledge of this
lord's power to ſerve or ruin him, that made
Edward accept his terms, notwithſtanding his
reluctance to marry the daughter of a man
whom he deemed the murderer of his brother;
and the Queen exerted all her powers of per-
ſuaſion to make him comply; and he no ſoon-
er had ſigned the articles required by Earl
Goodwin; and by a ſolemn oath bound him-
ſelf to perform them, than the Earl convened
a general aſſembly; and by his influence the
Prince was acknowledged and proclaimed
King of *England:* he accompliſhed this the
eaſier, as there was no Prince of *Canute*'s blood
whom the Danes could ſet up in oppoſition
then

then in the kingdom; and happy was it for that beautiful iſland that *Sweyn*, the brother of *Harold Hareſoot*, was then ſettled peacefully in *Norway*, and not then in *England* to head the Danes, who fearful that if the party of *Edward* prevailed, they would loſe their poſſeſſions in a country they preferred to their own; they quietly ſubmitted to the election of the Engliſh, who once more ſaw a monarch of the Saxon race on the throne."

"As the Danes were without a leader, none 'of them were preſent at the general aſſembly; 'and Earl *Goodwin*, in an eloquent ſpeech repre-'ſented to the people; that, "favourable was "the preſent opportunity of delivering them-"ſelves from a deteſtable yoke; he took an "affecting review of the oppreſſions under "which they had long groaned: He repre-"ſented in the moſt animated manner, the "paſt calamities of their country; which diſ-"played the inſolence and pride of the Danes, "who not content with more than a moiety "of the kingdom, treated the Engliſh as vaſ-"ſals: he called to their remembrance the "diſgraceful time when an Engliſhman and a "Dane happening to meet on a bridge, the "former dared not to move a ſtep, till the "latter had paſt; or if one of their country-"men failed in thoſe outward marks of re-"ſpect they required; he was beaten without "daring to return a blow!"

" But what," continued the Earl, " are " thoſe grievances, though hard to be borne, " to the taxes impoſed by thoſe haughty and " rapacious people? and ſhould we now ſuf- " fer one of their race to aſcend the throne; " new taxes, in addition to that moſt griev- " ous one called *Danes-Gelt*, would be levied " to enrich his greedy followers."

' This ſpeech of Earl *Goodwin*, determined ' the aſſembly to elect *Edward*, who was on ' the ſpot, and not wait to recal the ſon of ' *Edmund Ironſides*; and the congreſs broke ' up with a declaration that " no Dane ſhould " ever ſit on the Engliſh throne."

' The pliability of *Edward*'s temper, his ' incapacity for government, and his being ' wholly ingroſſed by trifles, which Earl *Good-* ' *win* ſoon diſcovered, were his chief reaſons ' for procuring him the crown; as he govern- ' ed in his name, and was treated with the ' ſame reſpect as if he was King: but how ' fair ſoever *Edward* carried it towards him; ' yet, in his heart, he deteſted him and all his ' race, and he delayed his marriage on vari- " ous pretences.' " Is he not then married," demanded EDWY haſtily: ' he is,' anſwered the Norman, " he feared the power of *Good-* ' *win*, and at laſt eſpouſed his daughter:'— Here EDWY turned pale, and trembled, but remaining ſilent, the Norman did not obſerve how greatly the information had affected him;

' After the ceremony, which was performed

' by

'by torch-light in the royal chapel; the gueſts
'were entertained with a magnificent banquet:
'and at midnight, Queen *Emma* and the La-
'dies appointed to attend on the young Queen,
'conducted her to her apartment; in ſome
'time the King followed, and diſmiſſing his
'attendants at the door, he paſſed through
'the chamber to his own apartment, coldly
'wiſhing his bride a good night, and ſhutting
'the door that led to his own chamber, lock-
'ed it on the other ſide, as if he feared intru-
'ſion, and paſſed the night alone as uſual.'

'The Queen, who is of the moſt amiable
'temper, and ſtrict virtue; and has a great-
'neſs of ſoul above her weak ſex, bore this
'indifference with patience, and buried it in
'ſilence; but *Edward* was leſs diſcreet, and
'it was ſoon no ſecret, that he and his bride
'paſſed their nights in ſeparate apartments:
'when the Queen found it was not poſſible to
'gain the heart of her huſband;'—"un-
"happy, ill-ſtarred *Editha*," ſaid EDWY,—
"what a fate was thine! which prevented thy
"union with one, ſenſible of thy excellence!"
but recovering himſelf, "thy virtues almoſt
"make me forget that thou art Earl *Goodwin*'s
"daughter."

'In nothing does ſhe reſemble him," ſaid
'the Norman, "inſtead of complaining of
'her huſband's coldneſs and averſion, ſhe en-
'deavoured to conceal it; and appearing lit-

'tle in public; ſhe paſſed her time in reading,
'and acts of charity and devotion.'

'To thoſe who ſtrove to remove his diſlike
'to the Queen, *Edward* pretended, that he
'had made a vow of chaſtity; and this pre-
'tended vow, and his liberality to churches,
'ſoon gained him the title of "*the Confeſſor*,"
'and that of a Saint. Yet his vindictive ſpi-
'rit, but ill correſponds with thoſe fine ap-
'pellations: beſides his hatred to Earl *Good-
'win*, and his Queen; he no ſooner found
'himſelf firmly ſeated on the throne, than
'his reſentment to his mother broke forth,
'and his deſire to revenge her former conduct
'appeared in his whole behaviour.'

'Her marriage with *Canute*, the mortal foe
'of *Ethelred*; the little regard ſhe ſhewed to
'her children by that Prince; her conſenting
'that her ſons by the Dane, ſhould ſucceed
'to the crown of *England*; made ſo deep an
'impreſſion on the mind of *Edward*, as not
'all her endearments, nor her recent endea-
'vours to ſecure the throne for him could ef-
'face.'

'Since the laſt return of Queen *Emma* to
'*England*, ſhe had amaſſed much treaſure,
'laid it up at *Wincheſter*, where ſhe uſually
'reſided: when ſhe little expected him, the
'King arrived there, and without any regard
'to her rank, or the duty due to her as his
'mother, he ſtripped her of all her riches;
'and allowed her a very moderate penſion for

"her

'her ſubſiſtence: Thus, a Princeſs, widow
'of two Kings, and daughter of a Duke of
'*Normandy*, not inferior to a King, ſaw her-
'ſelf in her latter days, reduced to a low de-
'pendant ſituation, by the rigour of her own
'ſon; but her misfortunes ended not there:
'During the life of *Hardy Canute*, who gave
'the management of the State entirely into the
'hands of *Emma*, and dozed away his hours,
'or employed them in the groſſeſt ſenſuality;
'ſhe had beſtowed, with holy prodigality, ſo
'much treaſure on the churches at *Wincheſter*,
'as aſtoniſhed all that beheld them; and *Ed-*
'*ward*, who himſelf diſplayed much pious
'generoſity, approved not of the generoſity
'ſhewn by his mother.'

'Though there appears in this Prince,
'little of that generoſity which inclines us
'to overlook injuries, when an enemy has
'fallen from power. Yet time might have
'ſoftened him to her, and he might have ſuf-
'fered her to remain unmoleſted at *Winche-*
'*ſter*, had ſhe not drawn on herſelf the hatred
'of *Robert*, Biſhop of *Canterbury*, by placing
'more confidence in *Alwin* Biſhop of *Win-*
'*cheſter*, than himſelf. *Alwin* had long been
'the director of Queen *Emma*'s conſcience,
'and was attached to her intereſt; and de-
'pending on her favour, he omitted much of
'that reſpect which the biſhop of *Canterbury*
'deemed due to his high dignity, and the fa-
'vour he ſtood in with *Edward*; of whoſe

'weakneſs and coldneſs to the Queen he took 'advantage, and inſinuated that ſhe had long 'been engaged in a criminal amour with *Alwin*.'

'One day, as *Edward* ſtood by himſelf, to 'ſee her treaſure removed from the old palace; 'the biſhop of *Wincheſter* hoping to make him 'aſhamed of his ſeverity; with all the free-'dom which his habit allows, tried to admo-'niſh him, as the Prophet of old did the 'King of *Iſrael*;'—"My Leige," ſaid *Alwin*, "I was once witneſs of an action, which I "think worthy of imitation."—'*Edward* aſk-'ed what it was, and the biſhop went on:'—"During the ſhort, but cruel reign of *Swyne*, "a Dane caſt a ſtone at an aged Engliſhman, "who had ſurvived four valiant ſons, that "died fighting for thy ſire; and was reduced "to beg a morſel to ſuſtain a wretched life, "from thoſe miſcreants who had butchered all "his family: the ſtone hit his leg, and wound-"ed him cruelly, to complain was fruitleſs, "and would only bring upon him freſh in-"ſults; he took up the ſtone, which was not "very large, and put it careleſsly into his bag; "and often, by ſhewing it, has moved to "compaſſion, thoſe among his countrymen "who hath ſaved any thing from the rapacity "of the Danes. After the death of *Sweyne*, "and the reſtoration of *Ethelred*, the old man "ſaw the Dane who had inſulted him, re-"duced to his own ſad ſtate; he had loſt his

"arm,

"arm, and had a leg disabled, in one of the "many affrays that happened between the "English and Danes, before the return of "*Canute* from *Denmark*. At sight of his ene-"my, the old man took the stone from his bag, "and holding it a moment in his hand, and "turning to the Dane, he said, "I see we are "never to indulge revenge; when thou didst "pound me with this pebble, at a time that "the cruelty of thy countrymen had reduced "me to the sad necessity of begging, even "from themselves, it would be imprudent to "return the blow; and now that thou art re-"duced to my own wretchedness, it would "be mean and cruel to revenge me on thee;" "saying this, he cast the stone at a distance "from him, and went his way:" 'Edward 'understood clearly the meaning of *Alwin's* 'tale, but it did not affect him as the parable 'of *Nathan* did *David*; nor dared the bishop 'use the freedom of that prophet, or say *thou* 'art the man—and he soon had cause to re-'pent his temerity, in saying even what he 'did. The King turned coldly from him, 'and continued his directions to those who 'were removing the treasure. *Alwin* retired, 'but what was his surprize and terror on the 'following day, to find himself accused of 'incontinence with Queen *Emma*; and that 'without any regard to her dignity she was 'condemned to clear her fame, by undergoing 'the fiery ordeal.'

'*Alwin*

'*Alwin* knew whom to attribute this disgrace to; and when he was ſummoned to the council, where the biſhop of *Canterbury* preſided and heard the condemnation of the Queen, and ſaw himſelf ſtript of all his dignities, he only ſaid, turning to *Robert*,—*Haſt thou found me, Oh mine enemy!*—but he who now reads the ſecret malice of thy heart, ſhall yet manifeſt my innocence and that of this injured Queen, to him I commit the cauſe of both."

'Queen *Emma*, far from ſinking under the calamities of being ſtript of her treaſure by her own ſon, which had been ſpared by *Harold*; and of having her fame blackened in her latter days, and being reduced to clear it in ſo public a manner; was eager to put the trial in execution: I was preſent at the ceremony, for I quitted not her ſervice until diſmiſſed by herſelf: when diſguſted with a world to which ſhe had been too much attached; ſhe left it for ever, and in the gloom and quiet of the cloiſter, ſought that peace which religion beſtows on its true votaries; and which is ſo ſeldom found in the grandeur of a court.'

"But you were a witneſs," ſaid EDWY, "to the Queen's undergoing the ordeal, I am "a ſtranger to that ceremony: ſay what is it? "and how did ſhe comport herſelf, and eſcape "the danger of it?"

'I was

'I was a witneſs,' reſumed the Norman; 'of my royal miſtreſs's diſgrace: and to the 'miracle that manifeſted her innocence:—— 'By the malicious arts and influence of *Robert*, who ſeized the moment of the King's 'diſpleaſure of the tale told by *Alwin*, to in-'cenſe him againſt both; an order was given 'that no favor ſhould be ſhewn to either, and 'preparations was made for the Queen's un-'dergoing the ordeal, in its utmoſt ſeverity.'

'She received her ſentence with courage 'and conſtancy; and after paſſing three days 'in prayer and faſting; ſhe addreſſed herſelf 'to ſhrift; and receiving the holy ſacrament; 'and ſwearing by the conſecrated bread, that 'ſhe was falſely accuſed.'

'On the fourth day, attired in black, and 'covered with a ſable veil, and holding a 'crucifix in one hand, and in the other a 'lighted taper:—She entered the great church 'at *Wincheſter*, which was hung with black; 'her women and attendants in black alſo:— 'She approached the great altar, and kneel-'ing before it, continued in prayer, while 'the prieſts heated the plow-ſhares, ſinging 'over them the hymn of the *three Jews*, '(who eſcaped unhurt from the burning fiery 'furnace of *Nebuchadnezzar;*) beginning 'with theſe words;—*they walked in the midſt 'of the fire, praiſing and bleſſing the Lord!*'

'When they came to theſe words;—Queen 'Emma raiſing her voice, and accompanied

'by

'by ſome of her attendants, joined the melody, and ſung — *In a contrite heart and humble ſpirit let us be accepted;—deliver us, Lord! according to thy name, and let all them that do thy ſervants hurt, be aſhamed!*'

'At the concluſion of the hymn, the irons were taken from the fire, and ſprinkled with holy-water, they were layed at a ſmall diſtance from each other, and ſigned with the Croſs; and a ſhort form of prayer ſaid over them, while a fillet was bound over the eyes of the Queen.'

'Her afflicted ſervants on their knees imploring the protection of the Holy Virgin, and all the Saints; That her innocence might be manifeſted, her feet were then bared, and ſhe walked over the irons unhurt, to the foot of the altar, where ſhe kneeled, and joined in the Thankſgiving Hymns, which were ſung by all preſent for her eſcape, and the clearing of her fame.'

'But foreſeeing the power and malice of her enemies would heap freſh inſults upon her, and finding herſelf diſguſted with the world; ſhe determined to retire from it, for ever; and the day on which ſhe underwent the ordeal, ſhe entered into a convent, and ſoon after took the vows. Myſelf, with all her attendants, were diſmiſſed; and having nothing to ſtay me in *England*, I prepared to return to my native land; but before I could find a bark to carry me to *Normandy*,

'I ſaw

"I ſaw a ſtorm gathering, which ſeemed to "threaten deſtruction to the throne of *Edward*, "and I haſtened to quit for ever a country "which peace ſeemed to have deſerted.

"But what cauſed thoſe commotions?" aſked EDWY; "alas! unhappy *England!*—what "loſs to thee and me, was the death of *Alfred?* "But I interrupt thee; go on, and ſay all thou "knoweſt of the King and the realm."

The Norman continued;—"while *Edward* was venting his reſentment againſt his mother; his thoughts were called another way by the outrageous conduct of *Sweyne*, ſecond ſon to Earl *Goodwin*: this young lord, from aſſociating with the Danes, had learned to imitate much of their brutal and licentious manners. One day, that he had been led by the chace, a great diſtance from *Goodwin* caſtle, he ſtopt for refreſhment at the houſe of one of his vaſſals, and tired and exhauſted by the heat of the day, he repeatedly drained the goblet, which his hoſt, with the hoſpitality natural to his countrymen, preſented him during the repaſt. Refreſhed, and warm with wine, *Sweyne* and his gay companions ſet forward on their return home. The beams of the ſetting ſun now caſt their yellow luſtre on the fields and hedges as they paſſed along. Every thing looked gay and blooming, and aided the fumes of the wine to exhilerate the hearts of theſe young travellers: they were engaged in joyous converſation, regardleſs of the approaching night,

night, which promiſed to be ſoft and ſerene, when one of them ſtopping his horſe, and looking around, made his companions obſerve they had miſſed their way, and were got into a cloſe narrow lane, ſhaded on each ſide by flowering hawthorn. "No matter," cried *Sweyne*, "we will ſee where it ends;—it may "lead to ſome pleaſant adventure."

'All agreed to follow him; and by the faint gleaming of the twilight, ſaw a building at ſome little diſtance, to which by a back way the lane they were in led. Arrived at the building, which they found encompaſſed by high walls on three ſides, and on the fourth, by a garden; ſome trees, whoſe boughs hung over the wall, ſerved *Sweyne* and his companions to climb by into the incloſure. It was divided into many walks and allies; and Flora had ſcattered round her blooms and odours. Impelled by thoughtleſs youth and curioſity, theſe gay rovers advanced through a winding alley that led to the dwelling:—ſome lights appeared through a high arched window, to which they ſoftly advanced, and looking in, they ſaw, dreſſed in white and flowing garments, about twenty young women with black tranſparent veils, which, faſtened on the top of their heads, hung careleſsly behind. They were kneeling round an altar engaged at their evening devotion. In ſome time they aroſe, and ſhe who ſeemed their Superior raiſing her voice, the reſt accompanying,

companying, ſang the evening ſong to the Holy Virgin. The ſoft melody of their voices, joined to the beauty of thoſe nuns, enchanted *Sweyne* and his young companions:—veſpers over, they heard the Abbeſs propoſe to thoſe good maidens to ſpend half an hour in the garden, before they retired to reſt: *Sweyne* and his two companions retired among ſome ſhrubs that formed a thicket, and lay quiet until the voices of the nuns in the garden, gave notice they were entered. In a little time they approached a canal, and walking by its banks, diverted themſelves with looking on the moon-beams playing on the water:—the Abbeſs ſtood ſome time in converſation with the reſt, and when they ſeated themſelves on the banks of the canal, left them, and turned her ſteps to a lonely alley, where ſhe walked on a ſlow pace, and ſeemed buried in contemplation: *Sweyne*, who was particularly fired by her beauty, followed at a little diſtance, and ſeeing her turn into a bower which terminated the walk ſhe was in, ſtole ſoftly behind, and throwing a ſcarf he wore his ſword in, round her head, held it ſo tight as to prevent her from crying out, he then, with the aſſiſtance of his companions, carried her out of the garden; and ſetting her before him on the ſaddle, rode off ſwiftly toward a lonely caſtle where he often purſued ſecret pleaſures.

"Some peaſants returning late from their labour, met thoſe revellers with their prey, who ſtruggled, and by her ſmothered cries ſeemed to ſuffer a great deal of violence; and were the firſt that gave any account of the Abbeſs, who was not miſſed until the bell ſummoned the ſiſterhood to their midnight devotion; ſhe was ſought in vain, and ſome days paſſed e'er any intelligence could be gained.

"It was at laſt known that *Sweyne* had brought a lady by night to the caſtle, and conjectured it muſt be the ſtolen Abbeſs: *Edward* was enraged at ſuch a violation of religion and decency; and commanded the appearance of *Sweyne* at court to anſwer it: his brutal paſſion over, he haſtily left the caſtle, and the wretched victim of it, to hide her ſhame in her convent; and not daring to remain in *England* after ſuch an outrage, he fled to *Denmark*, depending on the power of his father to obtain his pardon; but *Edward* was inexorable, and would liſten to no interceſſion in his favour, although the brother of his Queen, and ſolemnly vowed to puniſh him with the utmoſt ſeverity if ever he fell into his hands."

END OF THE ELEVENTH BOOK.

EDWY:

AN HISTORIC TALE.

BOOK XII.

"WHEN the haughty ſon of Earl *Goodwin* was informed that *Edward* would liſten to no interceſſion in his favour, he grew deſperate; and gathering an army of thoſe enterprizing Danes, ever ready and watchful to invade *England*, he manned a fleet, and ſoon landed on the coaſt of *Cornwall*, and ſuffered them to commit ſuch barbarities as exceeded all that had hitherto befallen that unhappy iſland.

"This outrage ſerved only to enrage *Edward* againſt Earl *Goodwin* and his family; but that lord, unwilling to come to an open quarrel, ſent Earl *Beorn* to reconcile and ſoften the King if poſſible; and though that lord abhorred the outrage of *Sweyne*, he would not refuſe the requeſt of the father of *Editha*, who was overwhelmed with ſorrow at her

brother's conduct, and the rage of the King; and intreated the Earl to uſe his influence with him, which he did ſo ſucceſsfully that *Edward*, on certain conditions conſented to pardon *Sweyne*.

"Lord *Beorn* haſtened, too ſlenderly attended, to the caſtle where the ſon of *Goodwin* had ſhut himſelf up; the bridge was let down to admit him, which he incautiouſly paſſed without obſerving that his attendants were not permitted to follow; and that the bridge was drawn up again directly. The Earl, fearleſs of danger, was ſuffered to enter the outward court, where ſtood a band of Danes to receive him:—the gates were cloſed, and before he had time to reflect on this reception, they ſurrounded and put an end to his life by a thouſand wounds, throwing his mangled body into the ſurrounding ditch; at this ſight, his terrified attendants fled to court to report his death.—*Edward*, doubly exaſperated againſt all the houſe of *Goodwin*, called a general aſſembly; and cited Earl *Goodwin* to appear and anſwer not only for upholding his ſon in his repeated crimes, but for his own former offences; particularly for the murder of Prince *Alfred*, with which he again charged him. The Earl fled to arms; but hearing that numbers were gathering about the King's ſtandard, he collected a powerful fleet, and entering the *Thames*, advanced within ſight of *London*; he was ſoon informed by his ſpies at court, that, contrary

to

to his wonted mildneſs, *Edward* was ſo enraged as to be bent on his deſtruction, and that of all his houſe.

" Many of thoſe neareſt the King's perſon, and who had much influence with him, and wiſhed to preſerve the peace of the realm, endeavoured to prevail on him to bring the Earl to his obedience by more moderate ways; but he remained inflexible. The mildeſt tempers, when provoked, are ever the hardeſt to reconcile. Mean time Earl *Goodwin* knowing the preſent was not the time to ſeize the crown, and fearing the hatred of *Edward* would extend to the crown;"——" Alas! ill-fated *Edi-*" *tha*," exclaimed EDWY; " how bore ſhe the " indifference of her huſband; and thoſe fear-" ful feuds occaſioned by her brother's con-" duct?"—" She never interfered in the latter," reſumed the Norman, " and bore her lord's neglect with ſilent patience, dedicating her whole time to ſtudy and acts of devotion. Few among the moſt learned clerks excelled her in learned lore; and her ſtudies at once amuſed, employed, and conſoled her.

" The Earl, her father, ſaw it was more for his intereſt to reconcile himſelf to the King at that time, than continue in open violence againſt him, and ſent a herald to inform him, that " he was not come to bear arms againſt " his ſovereign; but humbly to intreat he " would liſten to his juſtification: he ordered " the herald to ſay, that his hoſtile appearance

" was only to defend himſelf from the inſults " of his enemies; but that it ſhould be his " chiefeſt glory to approve himſelf the moſt " faithful of his ſubjects." *Edward* at firſt refuſed to liſten to theſe conceſſions; and the conſequence of making Earl *Goodwin* deſperate might have been fatal, had not ſome of thoſe who had moſt influence with the King, and who were anxious for the peace of the realm, at length appeaſed him; and prevailed that the Earl might be allowed to clear himſelf of the charges againſt him. The *Wittena Gemot** were convened, and *Edward* ſtood forth the Earl's accuſer, " of ſtirring up the people to " appear in arms in defiance of him, their " Liege Lord; and alſo as the murderer of " the Prince his brother." While Earl *Goodwin*, in an eloquent and laboured ſpeech, ſtrove to clear himſelf of theſe crimes. The Biſhop of *Canterbury* repreſented to *Edward*, " the danger of finding a lord of ſuch power " guilty; and that attempting to puniſh him, " would only involve the kingdom in a ſcene " of blood: he repreſented to the King the " number of powerful followers by whom " the Earl was attended; and that his younger " ſons (for *Harold* had taken no part in theſe " commotions) were furious, daring, untam- " ed by adverſity; and might, if rendered " deſperate, deſtroy that quiet and peace which

* The aſſembled Nobles.

" *England*

"*England* had but juſt begun to taſte the "ſweets of, after having ſo long been depriv-"ed of it."

"*Edward* was unwillingly prevailed on by thoſe arguments (and obſerving that by his eloquence and ſeeming candour, Earl *Goodwin* had gained moſt of the aſſembled nobles to think him innocent) to receive him and his ſons again into favour, on their ſwearing allegiance anew; and the whole aſſembly ſhewed their approbation by the cuſtomary ſtriking of their arms*. The feaſt of Eaſter was at hand, and *Edward* and the aſſembled Lords remained at *Wincheſter* (where the *Wittena Gemot* was held) to celebrate it; at the banquet, to which on peace being reſtored, Earl *Goodwin*, his ſons, and the chief nobles were invited, *Edward*, who could not blot from his remembrance the deplorable end of his brother, when warmed by wine, let fall ſome words that pointed at the Earl as his murderer."

"I was not preſent, nor can I aver for truth what I am about to relate; but I was told that Earl *Goodwin*, addreſſing *Edward*, with great emotion, ſaid:—"I perceive, "O King, that you ſtill hold me guilty of the "Prince your brother's death, though ſo lately "and publicly acquitted;—but to prove mine

* The *Anglo Saxons* always went armed to their aſſemblies, and the approbation of their reſolutions was ſignified by ſtriking their javelins one againſt another.

"innocence,

"innocence, and clear mine honour, I pray "heaven, that if I am guilty, this morſel I am "about to put into my mouth, may choak "me." "'Tis ſaid, that attempting to ſwallow the fatal morſel, it ſtuck in his throat, and all endeavours to ſave him were in vain; he expired in the arms of his ſons, who carried him out of the hall, and laying him on his couch, ſaid, "that a ſudden diſorder "which ſeized him, had put an end to his life." Thus, a moment rid *Edward* of this lord, at a time when all his endeavours could not cruſh his power."—"And in this death," ſaid EDWY, "we ſee the juſtice of heaven, who never ſuffers innocent blood to go unpuniſhed; nor the daring hypocrite to brave its power of detection."

"*Harold*, elder ſon to Earl *Goodwin* ſucceeded to all his power and honours; and though his friends and influence were as formidable as his father's, yet his mild and courteous demeanor, and the reſpect and duty he paid the King, made the latter regard him with leſs abhorrence than he did the reſt of his race; but he ſoon found the young Earl no leſs an object of fear than was his father; and *Edward*, though not endowed with much penetration, ſaw that; though *Harold* poſſeſſed more honour and leſs haughtineſs, he alſo poſſeſſed all the abilities and influence of the late Earl; and ſo popular had he made himſelf, that few even among the nobles ſcrupled to

ſay,

ſay, that " as the King was not likely to have
" children, none was ſo worthy to ſucceed him
" as the ſon of Earl *Goodwin*, and the brother
" of the Queen, whoſe unaſſuming, gentle
" virtues had much endeared her to every
" one."—Theſe wiſhes of his people, which were not uttered in ſecret, ſoon reached the ears of *Edward*, and gave him infinite ſorrow; he could not bear that a deſcendant of the man he deemed the murderer of his brother, ſhould fill the throne of his great anceſtors; and it increaſed his diſlike to the Queen ſo much, that now delivered from reſtraint, or fear of her father's power, he ſent her an order to quit the court, and retire to a convent."

" Baniſhed! ſayeſt thou," interrupted EDWY; " the beauteous *Editha* immured in the
" gloom of a cloiſter; ſhe who would have
" adorned a court, and is worthy to reign
" over all hearts!—Again do I lament thy un-
" timely end, O *Alfred!* for thou alone would
" have deſerved her, and rendered her happy;
" and to thee would ſhe have been reſigned
" with joy, by him who once loving her, can
" never love another!——But go on; I in-
" terrupt thee;—only ſay if the hatred of *Ed-*
" *ward* ſtill continues to his hapleſs Queen?"

" It does," went on the *Norman*, " and ſhe remains ſecluded from the ſight of her deareſt friends, nor ſhews a wiſh to quit her confinement; her ſtudies ſupplying to her the abſence

abſence of all other pleaſures. Occupied by her books, her devotions, and by works of charity; ſhe reſigns herſelf to the will of Heaven, and that of her Sovereign." EDWY ſighed, but ſuffered the Norman to proceed without further interruption.

"*Edward* was now ſuſpected to have thoughts of ſettling the crown, after his deceaſe, on the ſons of his ſiſter, who had married the Count of *Ballogne*; but his inviting to *England*, *William* the young Duke of *Normandy*, natural ſon of Duke *Robert*, changed this opinion; and the people ſaw with diſcontent, the honours that were paid him, during his abode in *England*.

'But he was ſcarcely departed, when *Edward*, very unexpectedly, and to the joy of the whole realm, recalled from *Hungary*, *Edward*, the ſurviving ſon of *Edmund Ironſides*, his nephew, and the natural heir to the crown.

"His motives were eaſily gueſſed at for this conduct; and all ſaw that hatred to *Harold*, and neither juſtice, or any affection for *Edward* had cauſed it; he had ſounded his ſubjects, and found them averſe to his adopting as heir to the crown, either the young Count of *Bullogne*, or *William* of *Normandy*; yet he feared that the power and influence of *Harold* might make his people ſet him on the throne, in oppoſition to either, ſhould he name them as his ſucceſſors."———

"Hold!"

"Hold! cried out EDWY, "what doſt "thou tell me! then there is one deſcendent "of the royal Saxon race remaining; I had "indeed forgot me, nor remembered that a "ſon of *Edmund Ironſides* was ſtill in being; "ſo long, and ſo utterly forgotten as they "have been by all allyed to them: but Hea-"ven, I thank thee! the wretched EDWY "may yet hope to breath his laſt in his na-"tive land, nor be forced to linger out his "days in foreign climes!—but ſay on, and "finiſh thy detail."

"Prince *Edward*," reſumed the Norman, "obeyed the ſummons of his uncle, and brought with him his family, which conſiſted of his Princeſs, two daughters, *Margaret* and *Chriſtiana*, and a young ſon named *Edgar Atheling*, or *England's Darling*; a vain and empty title."

"The arrival of the deſcendants of *Edmund Ironſides*, whoſe memory was ſtill dear to the Engliſh, cauſed the ſincereſt joy; and their affection to *Harold*, gave way to their love for the royal blood: they conſidered Prince *Edward* as the ſucceſſor to the Confeſſer; nor could his right be diſputed, ſince, had he not been abſent when *Hardy Canute*'s death left the throne vacant, he would have been choſen, even before his uncle; but this Prince, amiable in his manners, and poſſeſſing many virtues; who having taſted adverſity, was not elated by proſperity, and who ſeemed

formed

formed to give happineſs to his people; was ſnatched from them and his helpleſs Princeſs and her children, ſoon after his arrival in *England*. He left his title to the crown to young *Edgar Atheling*, whoſe tender age revived the hopes of *Harold:* as his death, which might happen before the King's, would leave him room to recover the hearts of the Engliſh."—" Alas! alas!" cried out EDWY, " what do I hear! is then young *Edward* " dead! but why queſtion it? have I ever " known aught but diſappointment? nor has " a ray of hope ever appeared, that was not " quickly overclouded by the gloomieſt ſor- " row:—but go on, gentle friend, I only " weary thee by my interruptions, and fruit- " leſs expreſſions of grief."

" I have little more to relate," replied the Norman, " all *England* mourned the death of the ſon of *Edmund*, but conſidered his ſon as ſucceſſor to *Edward*, who gave little attention to his education; and averſe to war, and inſenſible to the calls of glory; ſought only to raiſe a reputation for ſanctity: in truth his head was better ſuited to the Cowl, than to a Crown; and having placed a bar between the blood of *Gaodwin* and the throne, he turned his thoughts intirely to acts of religion. In the beginning of his reign, he had vowed a pilgrimage to *Rome*, which the Pope diſpenſed with, on his promiſe of building religious houſes, in different parts of the kingdom."

" On

"On the ſpot called *Thorny*, by the Saxons, ſtood in ancient times, (as you doubtleſs know) a temple, ſacred to *Apollo*;"—"I know it "well," ſaid EDWY, "it was conſecrated by "*Sebert*, King of *Eſſex*, after he had em-"braced Chriſtianity, but was deſtroyed by the Pagan Danes:—"and *Edward*," thou ſayeſt, "has rebuilt it?"—"I ſtayed not to ſee it finiſhed," replied the Norman; "but as I never failed to make inquiry concerning a country where I had lived ſo long; I was informed that he not only rebuilt but beautified it much, and dedicated it to *St. Peter*: I heard that the ſolemnity at the dedication, exceeded whatever had been ſeen before in *England*. A general aſſembly was convened; and the Charter by which the immunities and privileges of this Church were ſecured, was ſigned by a Great Seal, the keeping of which is one of the firſt employments in the kingdom, and the firſt of the kind ever known in *England*.*"

"As this church ſtands weſt of *London*, 'tis called *Weſtminſter*, and *Edward* ſeems inclined to enrich and diſtinguiſh it: however, my informer, who was the maſter of a bark that traded from this city to *England*, ſaid, "that "before he ſailed, he had heard a rumour, "that *Edward* was ſeized by a ſudden illneſs "at the aſſembly of the people, at the dedica-

* Hence the origin of the Great Seal.

formed to give happineſs to his people; was ſnatched from them and his helpleſs Princeſs and her children, ſoon after his arrival in *England*. He left his title to the crown to young *Edgar Atheling*, whoſe tender age revived the hopes of *Harold:* as his death, which might happen before the King's, would leave him room to recover the hearts of the Engliſh."—" Alas! alas!" cried out EDWY, " what do I hear! is then young *Edward* " dead! but why queſtion it? have I ever " known aught but diſappointment? nor has " a ray of hope ever appeared, that was not " quickly overclouded by the gloomieſt ſor- " row:—but go on, gentle friend, I only " weary thee by my interruptions, and fruit- " leſs expreſſions of grief."

" I have little more to relate," replied the Norman, " all *England* mourned the death of the ſon of *Edmund*, but conſidered his ſon as ſucceſſor to *Edward*, who gave little attention to his education; and averſe to war, and inſenſible to the calls of glory; ſought only to raiſe a reputation for ſanctity: in truth his head was better ſuited to the Cowl, than to a Crown; and having placed a bar between the blood of *Goodwin* and the throne, he turned his thoughts intirely to acts of religion. In the beginning of his reign, he had vowed a pilgrimage to *Rome*, which the Pope diſpenſed with, on his promiſe of building religious houſes, in different parts of the kingdom."

" On

"On the ſpot called *Thorny*, by the Saxons, ſtood in ancient times, (as you doubtleſs know) a temple, ſacred to *Apollo*;"—"I know it "well," ſaid EDWY, "it was conſecrated by "*Secbert*, King of *Eſſex*, after he had em- "braced Chriſtianity, but was deſtroyed by the Pagan Danes:—"and *Edward*," thou ſayeſt, "has rebuilt it?"—"I ſtayed not to ſee it finiſhed," replied the Norman; "but as I never failed to make inquiry concerning a country where I had lived ſo long; I was informed that he not only rebuilt but beautified it much, and dedicated it to *St. Peter*: I heard that the ſolemnity at the dedication, exceeded whatever had been ſeen before in *England*. A general aſſembly was convened; and the Charter by which the immunities and privileges of this Church were ſecured, was ſigned by a Great Seal, the keeping of which is one of the firſt employments in the kingdom, and the firſt of the kind ever known in *England*.*"

"As this church ſtands weſt of *London*, 'tis called *Weſtminſter*, and *Edward* ſeems inclined to enrich and diſtinguiſh it: however, my informer, who was the maſter of a bark that traded from this city to *England*, ſaid, "that "before he ſailed, he had heard a rumour, "that *Edward* was ſeized by a ſudden illneſs "at the aſſembly of the people, at the dedica-

* Hence the origin of the Great Seal.

"tion of the church, and his diſorder was "feared to be mortal." Since this intelligence, my own avocations have engroſſed me, and I have not heard either of the recovery or death of the Confeſſor, and I think, if he is ſtill alive, he will change his Crown for a Cowl, and end his days in the ſolitary gloom of a cloiſter: but as the reſtoration of the Saxon line depends on his holding the reins of government himſelf, until young *Edgar Atheling*, is of proper age to guide them; he is poſſibly, if alive, ſtill on the throne; for his hatred to the family of Earl *Goodwin*, will make him fearful that *Harold* would ſeize the crown, were it ſet on the head of a child."

The Norman ceaſed to ſpeak, and EDWY, who ſeemed buried in thought, ſtarting, thanked him for his long detail, retired to ponder on what he had heard, and conſider on the courſe he had beſt purſue.

To viſit *England* was his firſt reſolve: then the character of *Edward*, averſe to his own blood, and ſurrounded or led by Norman favourites, made him think it beſt, for ſome time, to delay his journey.

The certainty too of his brother's marriage with the daughter of Earl *Goodwin*;—ſhe, whoſe idea had ſo long poſſeſſed his mind, damped much of the pleaſure he felt, on firſt reſolving to reviſit his country; and this determined him, to return again to the Hermi-

tage,

age, and wait there for ſome encouraging accounts from *England*.

After paſſing a ſleepleſs night, he aroſe, and at the firſt dawn left the city, and before evening reached his quiet retreat, where he remained many months: but the calm and peaceful life that he lived, at length grew tireſome, he pined for ſociety, and though every effort to get into the world had been diſappointed, though his youth was paſt; the thoughts of *England*, his dear native country, again haunted his mind; a reſtleſs and perturbed ſpirit, ever in ſearch of what ſtill eludes the graſp of the purſuer, carried him once more into a world which he had always found adverſe.

Remote as he lived from the buſy haunts of men, and converſing only with ſhepherds, who attended the flocks of the valley; or with the fiſhermen, who dwelt at the foot of the hills, who were equally ignorant as himſelf of what paſſed in the world—

There was no way to ſatisfy that reſtleſs deſire to know who now filled the throne of *England*; if *Edward* ſtill lived, or if the grandſon of *Edmund* was to ſucceed him, but by going to *Rouen*, where he doubted not of meeting ſome who could inform him: but was he once more to viſit that dear land, ſo precious to his heart, it would be ſtill better. Thus he pondered a few days, and though it was not endeared, by his having in it one being

attached to him, nor could he promiſe himſelf there were any that would reſpect his blood ſo much as to lay him in the grave of his royal father, when dead; yet a wiſh to end his days in that country, where he firſt ſaw the light, poſſeſſed him ſo ſtrongly, that he reſolved once more to reviſit it. The reſolution once taken, he was impatient to put it in execution: he exchanged his hermit's habit for that of the pilgrim, the cowl for the hat, in which he fixed the ſhells that diſtinguiſhes the palmer; and concealing the little treaſure he poſſeſſed, and the portraits of *Ethelred* and his mother, in his boſom: ſupported by his ſtaff, he left the cell that had ſo long afforded him a peaceful retreat, and aſcended once more the hills; before he abandoned them for ever, he caſt his eyes on the valley, which ſtill looked deſolate and forlorn; then on the brown hue of the diſtant foreſt, where the winds roaring through the leafleſs trees, now faintly heard, now ſwelling on the breeze, ſaddened ſtill more the ſcene.

The day was gloomy, and the ſea which waſhed the foot of the hills, looked black and agitated, and daſhed itſelf againſt the rocks: the vernal ſeaſon was approaching, but the winter had been ſevere and tempeſtuous, and had deeply affected the Engliſh ſpirit of EDWY; and often made him wiſh to reviſit his own more temperate clime; where the blue ſerene of the ſummer ſky, deſaces not the lively ver-

dure

dure of the ſpring; nor the winter freezes with too keen a cold.

He ſtood ſome time viewing the ſolitary ſcene; and, (as he often did) gave vent to the fullneſs of his heart, in the Engliſh tongue: "O native iſle!" he exclaimed, "fair "Freedom's ancient ſeat! at thought of thee, "my pulſes beat, at thought of thee my heart "impatient burns! ſhall I not once again be-"hold thy green-clad woods, thy opening "lawns, refreſhed by murmuring brooks;— "thy hills white o'er with numerous flocks; "thy ſhaded dales; thy balmy covered meads, "where feed the lowing ox, or neighs the ge-"nerous ſteed: thy numerous cities, and thy "hamlets fair, whoſe fields fenced by the "blooming hawthorn, ripens the plenteous "harveſt! I have been to blame ſo long to "baniſh myſelf from thee: a fooliſh paſſion "has poſſeſſed me too long; what had I to do "with love? and when once aſſured that the "daughter of Earl *Goodwin* was the wife of "my brother;—why ſuffer the idea to dwell "in my heart? but 'tis over; I will ſeek the "royal *Edward*; the Norman ſpoke him of "a gentle nature. I am not wholly unknown "to him, already has he acknowledged me "to be the ſon of *Ethelred*; he will draw me "from the obſcurity in which my youth was "languiſhed out; at leaſt the trial ſhall be "made." He then turned his eyes toward the ſea, and ſeeing a little bark, whoſe crew

ſtood on the beach, in conference with ſome fiſhermen, who ſeemed to have ſupplied them with proviſions and water for their voyage: EDWY haſted down the winding path, and ſoon reached the ſpot, where ſtood the ſtrangers; they were of *France*; and going to exchange ſome commodities of their country with the Engliſh for wool and grain.

EDWY hailed it as a lucky omen; "Hea-"ven!" he ſaid ſoftly, in his native tongue, which he delighted to ſpeak; "approves "my deſign, and will at laſt reſtore me ſome "little corner of my native land, to end my "days in." The fiſhermen crowded around him, and he was forced to account for his intended voyage, by ſaying he was going on a pilgrimage, and meant ſoon to return; and giving them his benediction: they put on board, bread, dried fruits, and a ſmall veſſel of wine for his uſe, and ſaw him embark with many wiſhes for his ſafety and return.

'Twas even-tide, when the mariners got under ſail; and too much occupied by his own thoughts to engage in converſation with them; EDWY ſeated himſelf at the ſide of the veſſel, pondering with fond regret on things long paſt:—he remained there till it was almoſt dark; at laſt the moon aroſe, and at times, gleamed dimly on the unruffled boſom of the ocean; and ſometimes obſcured by a cloud, it was hid from his ſight.—This viſible darkneſs, rather than light, prevented him ſeeing a perſon,

ſon, who had laid himſelf down on the deck at no great diſtance, and began to bemoan himſelf in the Engliſh tongue; he aroſe, and approached the voice, and found 'twas uttered by a meagre-looking man, who ſeemed ſinking into the grave; he was lying on a mat of ruſhes, and unſheltered from the night air: EDWY drew near, and in a voice of kindneſs and pity, aſked the cauſe of his ſorrow:—— "Alas!" ſaid the man, raiſing himſelf a little, "do I hear my native language! and who "art thou, that in ſuch ſoothing words, doth "addreſs a wretch like me?" "A man," anſwered me, "of many ſorrows, and him-"ſelf not unacquainted with grief." "but "you are free from guilt," ſaid the ſtranger, "and if ſo, happineſs and comfort are not "out of thy reach." "Guilt," anſwered EDWY, "I thank Heaven, I am a ſtran-"ger to; nor have I brought even my own "ill fortune on my head; it was occaſioned "by the errors, or faults of others." "Then "thou art to be envied;" ſaid the ſtranger, "O friend! who ever thou art, repine not at "the diſappointments of a life that muſt ſoon "end; when thy heart is at peace with itſelf, "and innocent in the ſight of Heaven, who "only tries thee perhaps in the furnace of "adverſity: behold in me a wretch," here he pauſed, and inly groaning, remained ſilent."

I would

"I would not," ſaid EDWY much moved, "pry into thy ſecrets; but if any thing lies "within the power of charity to afford thee "comfort, I offer thee all in my power."

"Thanks, good Pilgrim," ſaid the ſtranger, "but thou little knoweſt the wretch thy bene-"volence moves thee to pity,—but it may be "of uſe to mankind to know that crimes as "mine never eſcape puniſhment; and that "though I have eſcaped the hand of juſtice, "remorſe, more dreadful than even death, has "poiſoned all my ill-earned pleaſures."

"Who art thou," aſked EDWY; "I grieve "to hear an Engliſhman, as thy tongue ſpeaks "thee, utter ſuch a condemnation of himſelf: "art thou not one?"—"I am," ſaid the ſtranger, "and a wretch who, by one black "crime, has occaſioned a thouſand woes to "his country." "EDWY's impatience and curioſity were now raiſed, and he entreated the man to explain himſelf; and aſſured him he would make no ill uſe of his confidence. "Alas!" he anſwered, "death, which I feel "approaching, will ſoon ſet me free of all "fears of puniſhment in this world; but "who (ſaid he, ſmiting his hands together)— "ah! who can promiſe me ſecurity from the "reward of my deſerts in that to which I am "haſtening!"—"Truſt," ſaid EDWY, "in "the mercy of thy God, and the interceſſion "of the Saints;—perhaps thou canſt even yet "atone thy crime in this world." "Impoſſi-

"ble,"

" ble," ſaid the ſtranger, " atonement is paſt;
" but I ſee thy curioſity;—let me ſatisfy it
" while I have power to do it:——

" Know, that *England* gave me birth; but
" during the reign of *Sweyne*, a continual in-
" tercourſe with the Danes corrupted my
" heart, and I loſt all patriot love for my
" natural ſovereign and my country; and
" thought only of how to advance my for-
" tune; unhappily I was made chamberlain to
" *Edmund Ironſides*." " And thy name," ſaid
" EDWY, " is *Hubert*;"—oh! heaven and
" earth! art thou one of that good Prince's
" murderers!"—" I am," ſaid the man."—
" Then what," aſked EDWY, " could tempt
" thee to take away the life of ſo good a
" Prince?"—" The bribes," he anſwered,
" given by Earl *Oſrick*;—we ſurprized the
" King at a moment unprepared, and having
" ſtunned him by a blow on the back of his
" head, ſoon diſpatched him, and eſcaped to
" the Earl of *Mercia* with the news, who ſent
" us to *France* to avoid the rage of the Eng-
" liſh;—we ſoon diſſipated our ill-gotten
" wealth; and falling into the hands of a band
" of robbers, we joined them, and were in
" a few years detected, and, except myſelf,
" who happened to be abſent, my fellows
" were all taken, and received the puniſhment
" their crimes deſerved;—having ſome jewels
" about me, which I had gone to diſpoſe of
" on that day we were diſcovered, I fled to

" *Rome*,

" *Rome*, where I meant, if poſſible, to atone " my former life by the moſt rigid penances; " but though I gave all my ill-gotten riches to " purchaſe the prayers and abſolution of the " Church, that mental peace I was in ſearch " of, eluded my graſp; and fled my mind; " and at length reduced me to deſpair;—I " vowed a pilgrimage to the tomb of *Edmund* " *Ironſides*, there to deplore my offences, and " inflict the ſevereſt penance on myſelf; and " ſince I ſet out on my return to *England*, my " couch has been the bare earth, or when at " ſea, the moſt unſheltered part of the veſſel, " which has already impaired my health, and " will haſten my death." Here his voice failed, and EDWY offering ſome cordial, which putting away with his hand, he recovered ſtrength ſufficient to ſay:—" I feel my death " at hand; and ſhould it happen before we " reach the Engliſh ſhore, wilt thou have my " miſerable body committed to the waves; " for I am unworthy to lie in the ſame earth " with the royal *Edmund*." Whether this wretch had exhauſted himſelf by too long ſpeaking, or that his feelings were too ſtrong for his preſent weakneſs, he fell into faintings, in one of which he expired.

EDWY ſhocked at the end of this wretch, retired to the lower part of the bark from the chilly night air, which blew, cold and damp; and when the ſun was up, aſſiſted the mariners to put the body into an empty cheſt, with weight

weight ſufficient to ſink it, and then committed it to the deep. The humanity of EDWY prevented his diſcovering himſelf to *Hubert*, who knew him well in the Engliſh court; and he was grateful to heaven for having eſcaped his hands in *Normandy*, and rejoiced that he had taken no ſteps to bring him to that juſtice, which without his aſſiſtance overtook, but lent him time for repentance.

During the reſt of the voyage, EDWY converſed little with the mariners, who being few in number, applied themſelves wholly to the duties of their profeſſion; and he entertained himſelf with reflections which the deſpair of *Hubert* had inſpired; theſe reflections reconciled him to his paſt fortune; and he bleſſed heaven that none of the diſappointments of his life had driven him to the commiſſion of any crime. He had only to deplore his impatience at times; and he bleſſed heaven that had inſpired him with a religious ſpirit to ſee and oft correct his errors.

EDWY purſued thoſe reflections until conviction, like a flaſh of lightning, broke in upon his mind:—the end of *Hubert* was a proof, if one was wanting, that ſucceſsful villainy, or the riches of this world, cannot afford happineſs;—his own life had been obſcure, and many of the diſappointments of it unavoidable; but his neglecting ſome opportunities of acting another part than he had done in the world, had been cauſed by his own deſpondence;

dence; he had formed hopes, he was convinced that life was not deſtined to beſtow;—from the day he firſt beheld Earl *Goodwin*'s lovely daughter, he could form no idea of happineſs without her; deprived of her, he could find it in nothing elſe; but cured of his ill-fated paſſion by time, abſence, ill fortune, and a right way of thinking; he reſolved, in the boſom of his country, to ſeek that degree of peaceful comfort that was ſtill attainable; and to accept with a grateful heart thoſe bleſſings which nature with a bountiful hand, conſtantly pours forth; he bluſhed at his former murmurs and diſcontent, and determined to indulge them no more.

END OF THE TWELFTH BOOK

EDWY:

AN

HISTORIC TALE.

BOOK XIII.

THE gloom of night was now ſpread over the deep, whoſe boſom continued calm and unruffled; the little wind there was, blew fair for *England*; and EDWY, who reſolved to ſuffer no more vain or ambitious hopes or wiſhes to diſturb his mind, retired to reſt, nor waked till the ſhouts of the ſeamen, hailing the ſight of the Engliſh ſhore, rouſed him.

His impatience to land, made the mariners ſet him on ſhore in a few hours, on the coaſt of *Hampſhire*, though they were bound to another port; he took ſome proviſions and a cruiſe of wine in a little baſket, and bidding the companions of his voyage farewel, he purſued his way along the ſhore, for ſome time, and at length turned into a path, that he hoped

would lead him to ſome dwelling; it ran winding at the foot of a chain of hills, that bounded the coaſt: on the other ſide lay fields, rich in herds and flocks: a clear ſtream watered them, at which he ſlaked his thirſt, and thought it preferable to the richeſt wines of *France*.

He ſtood ſome minutes leaning on his ſtaff, looking around him; at laſt he broke ſilence, and as he was wont, gave his thoughts vent:—"*England!*" he ſaid, "my dear native land! "do I once more ſtand on thy ground, to "forſake thee no more! how oft, by fancy "aided, have I wandered through thy flowery "meads, and cool ſequeſtered ſhades! How "ſweet the gale that blows, how it revives "and ſooths me!"—he then walked forward, and found that the path terminated in an extended plain, bounded on one ſide by a deep wood.

The tract of ground that lay next the ſea, he well remembered was called *Ytene*, but every thing was changed, and bore a different appearance from what it did in former days: he purſued his way; no caſtle, no abbey was in view; nor town, nor hamlet appeared, where once they ſtood ſo thick, "Ye bleſſed "ſaints!" ſaid he, "what has changed this "land, or rather, has not my memory failed "me? yet ſure the mariners could not be de-"ceived, and this they ſaid was the coaſt of "*Ytene*: but how unlike what once it was!"

he

he then, with haſty ſteps, endeavoured to traverſe that vaſt plain! but before he had journeyed half a league, he found himſelf entangled in many tracts which croſſed each other; and ſeeing no object but the tower of a ruined building, at a great diſtance; which from its appearance, promiſed little ſhelter, but what he muſt ſhare with owls and bats; yet he endeavoured to gain it before night, which was at hand, and promiſed to be tempeſtuous.

He had taken no refreſhment ſince he landed, except a few dry grapes, and a draught of water; but the ſwelling paſſions which the ſight of his native land had raiſed in his ſoul, deprived him of all appetite: however exhauſted by faſting, he haſtened to the dreary retreat before him, reſolved when there, to take ſome refreſhment.

The building, whoſe ruined battlements and diſmantled windows, were conſpicuous enough to be diſcerned at a diſtance, was not more than a quarter of a league off; the twilight was fading faſt to darkneſs, and no moon or ſtars appeared.

He kept his eyes fixed on the object to which he was approaching, in hope to arrive before the thick gloom, which increaſed each moment, would ſhroud it from his ſight:—but haſte made him make many falſe ſteps, which retarded his way, and ſpite of hope, which his ſanguine temper inſpired, he began to be fearful of paſſing the tempeſtuous night, houſe-

leſs and cold, amid theſe dreary moors: this fear urged him forward; yet he made little progreſs; at laſt, to his infinite joy, a light appeared in one of the towers belonging to the building to which he was directing his ſteps; and ſoon after the tolling of a bell, increaſed his ſatisfaction:—he now began to hope that notwithſtanding the ruined appearance of the pile before him, it might be habitable; the light he had ſeen, and the bell, was a proof it contained ſome inhabitants, but whoſe deſcription, was what he neither could divine, nor indeed in his preſent diſtreſs much cared about; a roof to ſhelter him, and a fire to warm his benumbed limbs, was all he wiſhed for. The ſound of the bell, and the dim twinkling of the light, ſerved to guide him aright, and in leſs than an hour he arrived at the building.

It was too dark to diſcern whether it was in ſo ruinous a ſtate as to exclude all hope of obtaining ſhelter: the bell convinced him it was not without inhabitants, and he was bending his ſteps to that part of the manſion from whence the ſound proceeded; when it ſuddenly ſtopped, and to his infinite ſorrow, a moment after, the light, whoſe dim twinkle had been his guide, diſappeared, and left the forlorn EDWY in total darkneſs.

What to do, or whither to betake him from the fury of the coming ſtorm, which was ready to burſt on his head, now perplexed him.

While

While he ſtood looking in vain for the appearance of light, in the place where he had ſeen it before, or in ſome other part of the building; a melancholy cry which paſſed over his head, without his being able to diſcern any object; in ſpight of reaſon which bid him reject the ſilly fear of midnight ghoſts, ſtruck him with a momentary panic: the ſilence which reigned, broke only by the howling wind through the open porches, added to his involuntary horror.

He now renewed his frequent ſupplication for light to guide him to a place of ſhelter; and with the aſſiſtance of his ſtaff, tried to grope out the entrance of the pile before him: a ſudden flaſh of lightning, made him throw himſelf on his face; he renewed his devotions, till interrupted by a clap of thunder, which broke over his head, and the fearful ſound was prolonged and increaſed, by the echo of the hollow vaults and diſmantled walls of the deſolated building.

Another, and another ſoon followed; but they rolled at a great diſtance, and a fourth ſeemed to die away; all was ſtill again, ſave the howling wind.

Edwy, during this interval began to reflect, that the tranſient gleams of lightning might ſerve to guide him to the entrance of the manſion; and he raiſed his face from the earth, in the hope, that though the thunder had ceaſed, the lightning might ſtill continue; and

to his infinite joy it did: he fixed his eyes on the building, and at laſt by the ſhort faint gleam, for which he ſo ardently wiſhed, diſcerned an arched gate-way, and went toward it; waiting with breathleſs impatience for another flaſh: one broke from the clouds, and ſhewed it juſt before him: he let his ſtaff fall within his arms, and groping with his hands, at laſt gained the entrance, and went in; but the next flaſh let him ſee the walls were roofleſs, and the wind which there blew as piercing as without, ſhewed the windows were broken and demoliſhed. He directed his ſteps to a corner, which afforded more ſhelter, and threw himſelf on the ground cloſe to the wall, grateful even for that ſlight defence from the rain, which poured with violence around him.

He was now in total darkneſs; the lightning had ceaſed; the wind ſoon died away; and the moſt fearful ſilence reigned.—Weak mortals! how hard to be contented!—The diſmal ſcream of the owls, which had ſo much ſtartled him, would now have been muſick to his ears; it would now have broke that horrid ſilence. His heart was too much appalled to think of taking refreſhment or reſt in ſuch a place, and he began his devotions aloud, though the ſound of his own voice, returned by the echo, affrighted him; but determined to conquer this panic, he continued his oriſons. At laſt he thought he heard footſteps approaching; he pauſed, and diſtinctly heard a low,

ſow, ſoft voice recommend itſelf to the protection of the Virgin Mother.—Edwy knew not what to think—the light he had ſeen—the bell he had heard—however oddly, the one had vaniſhed, or the other ceaſed, convinced him, that human beings dwelt ſomewhere in the building; and what he now heard, confirmed it:—the voice ceaſed, as did the footſteps; but the ſilence that reigned, let him hear diſtinctly ſomewhat breathing quick and ſhort, at no great diſtance; he aroſe, and ſtretching out his arms, laid hold on a ſoft hand; cold, but which trembled in his, and ſtruggled to diſengage itſelf; at the ſame time a fearful ſhriek was uttered, that rung through the whole building.

"Who, and what art thou?" ſaid Edwy tremulouſly; "fear not one helpleſs as thy-
"ſelf, and equally appalled by the horror of
"every thing around him."—"Art thou mor-
"tal?" anſwered a faint voice; "or art thou
"ſome unquiet ſpirit, wandering amidſt the
"gloom of this night?—if thou art the latter,
"I adjure thee by our Gracious Lady and her
"Redeeming Son, not to harm me, who have
"never yet injured any one;—if thou art a
"mortal, as I am, hurt me not; but ſay,
"what brings thee here at this dread hour?"
"I am indeed, thy fellow mortal," anſwered Edwy, "and I might retort thy queſtion:—
"Ignorance of my way, (being a ſtranger)
"juſt arrived in this realm miſguided and
"wandering

"wandering in the gloom of the night, has "brought me here;—but say, what art thou? "and inform me, if thou canst, does any one "inhabit here? or knowest thou the meaning "of the light, which appeared some hours "ago, and suddenly vanished as I approached "these walls? or why the bell ceased just be-"fore?"—Thou art indeed a stranger," answered the voice, "if thou art ignorant of the "*Curfew*;—it was that doleful bell so dread-"ful to English or Danish ears, thou didst "hear;—that bell which at the close of day, "warns the wretched inhabitants of this land "to extinguish their fires, and even their "lights; nor dare they leave their dwellings "after that bell rings, until returning day, "on pain of the most rigorous punishment in-"flicted by those appointed by our haughty "*Conqueror*, to execute his behests:—one of "those, whose office it is to ring this warning "bell, dwells in yon tower which is the only "part of this once splendid castle that re-"mains now habitable: the rest being demo-"lished, and its ample domains laid waste to "enlarge the chase-ground of the *Conqueror*; "and is now called the *New Forest*;—once, in "better days, it was known by the name of "*Ytene**; and once this castle was inhabited "by a powerful chief."—"Heavens!" exclaimed the heart-struck EDWY, "dropping

* The old Saxon name for that part of *Hampshire*.

"the

" the hand he had held—what do I hear!—
" Who is this *Conqueror?*—Who rules this
" land?—Are none of the deſcendants of *Ethel-*
" *red* remaining?—Is the antient Saxon race
" extinct?—Have the Danes again invaded
" this unhappy, ill-fated country?—But the
" bell, thou ſaidſt, is alike dreadful to Daniſh
" and Engliſh ears;—ſay, gentle ſtranger,—
" inform me the meaning of thy ſtrange
" words?—Gracious Powers! was it for this
" I left my quiet retreat!—Was it only to
" to witneſs the utter ruin of this realm!—
" but ſay,—quickly inform me,—explain thy
" terrible ænigma; for to me, the words are
" are inexplicable. But let us return to the
" ſpot I left to meet thee; it will afford us
" more ſhelter than this bleak place." " Who
" art thou?" enquired EDWY, as he ſeated
himſelf;" " an unhappy youth," anſwered the
ſtranger; " the child of misfortune;—miſ-
" guided, as thou wert, and forced into theſe
" ruined walls by the inclemency of the night;
" and to avoid one I wiſhed not to meet."

" Proceed, I intreat thee," ſaid EDWY,
" to inform me whom thou doſt call the *Con-*
" *queror*; and what thou meaneſt by the ri-
" gours of the *Curfew?*"

" From what diſtant country art thou?"
anſwered the youth, " that thou art unac-
" quainted with the revolutions that have hap-
" pened here?—all conteſts for the ſovereign-
" ty of *England*, between the Saxons and the
" Danes,

" Danes, are at an end." " Good Heaven!" interrupted EDWY, " what can have befallen " my poor country to which I have long been " a ſtranger. Buried in obſcurity, though " not in a very diſtant land,——but explain " thyſelf;—Who is this *Conqueror*, of whom " thou ſpeakeſt?—Can it be," went on the ſtranger, " that any native of this land is ig- " norant that *William*, Duke of *Normandy*, is " ſeated ſo firmly on the Engliſh throne that " no earthly power can diſplace him." " Say " not ſo," exclaimed EDWY with a prophetic fervour; " *The Saxon race, ſo long maſters of* " *this iſland, invited by its daſtardly natives* " *to come and defend it from foes they were* " *themſelves unable to repel, will yet re-* " *cover their rights;—will yet give to* ENG- " LAND *a race of Princes worthy to poſſeſs ſo* " *fair, ſo fertile a country* *;—but pardon " my interruption, and continue thy detail" " May thy words," went on the ſtranger, " prove prophetic!—But the Norman Prince " pretending a right to the Engliſh crown by " the will of the *Confeſſor*, our late King land- " ed ſoon after that Prince's deceaſe, with a " powerful army, with which he fought the " forces of *Harold*, whom the Engliſh had " choſen King, ſetting aſide the rights of

* The words of EDWY are verified;—for the AUGUST FAMILY who now poſſeſs the *Engliſh* Crown, are *Saxons*; and came not again to the Throne without invitation from the realm.

" young

"young *Edgar Atheling.*" "O Great Diſ-
"poſer of events! exclaimed EDWY, "what
"do I hear!—a ſtranger on the throne, and
"one of the royal blood remaining and
"among this deluded people, ever fond of
"novelty!"—"Indeed," went on the ſtran-
ger, "all now, with ſorrowful hearts do
"own that the rigours of the *Conqueror*'s
"reign are a juſt judgment for their ſetting
"the crown on the head of the ſon of Earl
"*Goodwin*; and they think too late, had juſ-
"tice been done to Prince *Edgar*, that the
"Norman Duke would never have attempted
"to drive the lawful Prince from the throne;
"but when he ſaw it filled by *Harold*, a pri-
"vate man, by indirect practices; without
"any right, he laid claim to it, on the teſta-
"ment that *Edward* had made in his favour—
"he landed, as I told thee, with a powerful
"force; and encamped on the plains of *Haſt-*
"*ings*: *Harold*, the idol of the Engliſh, ſet
"up a ſtandard to which thouſands flocked,
"and vowed never to deſert it or him, while
"life remained. Little time was ſpent in
"preparing to repel the invader; but the
"commanders thought it neceſſary to ſend
"ſpies into the Norman camp to diſcover their
"numbers and diſpoſition; they were detect-
"ed, and hurried before the Norman Duke,
"who, coolly turning to thoſe who guarded
"them, ordered, that they ſhould be conduct-
"ed through the camp, and allowed to view
"whatever

" whatever they deſired;—they were then " ſumptuouſly entertained, and diſmiſſed;— " at their return, they beſtowed the higheſt " encomiums on the magnificence and courte- " ſy of the Duke of *Normandy*;—but added, " that his whole army ſeemed to be compoſed " rather of prieſts than warriors."

" *Harold*'s army was ſoon numerous enough " to meet the invaders; and on the night be- " fore the fatal battle of *Haſtings*, Duke *Wil-* " *liam* ſent the Lord *De Warren*, one of his " commanders, with this meſſage:—' That ' though the Engliſh had ſet aſide their lawful ' Prince, to make room for him, not even an ' ally to the crown; although his own claim ' was founded on the teſtament of the *Confeſſor*, ' who, on account of the tender age of Prince ' *Edgar*, his nephew; and in regard to the ' true intereſt of his people, thought it better ' to avoid the feuds and diſſention that a long ' minority would occaſion, to give the crown ' to him; and though he had force ſufficient ' to aſſert his right, yet, wiſhing to ſpare the ' blood of thoſe whoſe death to-morrow might ' witneſs, he was willing to decide the conteſt ' by ſingle combat.' ' Depending no doubt, ' on his ſtrength and great ſtature, which ex- ' ceeded that of the talleſt man; but *Harold* ' declined the challenge; nor would his nobles ' conſent that the fate of a great kingdom ' ſhould depend on the event of a ſingle com- ' bat; and *De Warren* returned with this an-

' ſwer,

'ſwer:—"That on the morrow, the god of "battles ſhould decide who had the juſteſt "claim!"

"O vain and arrogant words!" exclaimed EDWY, "how durſt he, an uſurper, the ſon "of him whoſe hands were ſtained by the "blood of *Alfred*; prophane the name of "Heaven; or repoſe confidence in the God "of Juſtice!" 'Tis true,' anſwered the ſtranger, '*Harold* was, as thou ſayeſt, an 'uſurper; but then, the means by which he 'acquired the ſucceſſion, were certainly the 'moſt juſt and the moſt honourable,—the una-'nimous choice of the people, who appre-'henſive that ſhould a child aſcend the throne, 'his power would be delegated to thoſe who 'would not fail to abuſe it; and inſtead of 'making the regal authority ſubſervient to 'the public good, would, in endeavouring to 'enrich and aggrandize themſelves, oppreſs 'the people; yet the event ſhews the truth of 'your obſervation, and how deluſive the fair-'eſt appearances;—the night preceding that 'fatal battle, the event of which gave the ſo-'vereignty of this country to a ſtranger, the 'Engliſh ſpent in carouſal, as if ſecure of 'victory; while the Normans were inceſſantly 'engaged in preparing for the conteſt.

'The dawn of that day, memorable for the 'greateſt event that ever happened to *Eng-'land*, at length appeared; it was the birth-

'day of *Harold**, who hoped to render it 'glorious by the victory he promiſed himſelf. 'The *Kentiſh* men, according to antient cuſ-'tom, formed the van of his army; *Harold*, '(on foot) with his brothers, *Gurth*, *Lewin*, 'and *Syene*, placed themſelves in the centre 'of the Kentiſh line, reſolving to ſhare the 'danger of the day with the meaneſt ſoldier; 'the King made a moſt maſterly diſpoſition of 'his forces. I cannot relate all the particulars 'of this memorable battle which laſted from 'ſeven in the morning till night put an end to 'the carnage: after raiſing heaps of ſlain 'about him, toward ſun-ſet, the ill-fated '*Harold* was ſlain by an arrow from a Nor-'man bow;—it entered his brain, and he in-'ſtantly fell;—the Engliſh diſcouraged by his 'death, threw down their arms, and fled;— 'the victors put to the ſword all they overtook, 'to ſave the trouble of guarding priſoners.

'Favoured by the darkneſs of the night 'however, a good part of the Engliſh army 'retreated under the conduct of *Morcar* and '*Edwin*—theſe lords who adhered to *Harold* 'from private friendſhip, ſeeing his fall and 'that of his brothers, ſoon after the battle, 'ſubmitted to *William*, and the whole king-'dom followed their example.

'The Norman Duke and his warriors, on 'their return from the purſuit, were preparing

* On the 14th of *October* in the Tenth Century.

'to

'to take ſome refreſhment; and the dawn was 'now appearing, when two heralds, attired in 'black approached; they were ſent by the 'Lady *Goodwin*, to implore permiſſion to ſeek 'among the ſlain for the bodies of her ſons, 'and to offer much treaſure for the permiſſi-'on of giving them burial: *William* refuſed 'the treaſure, but granted her requeſt, ſay-'ing, "He warred not with the ſlain, or the "vanquiſhed."

'The bodies of *Syene*, of *Gurth*, and of '*Lewin*, were eaſily found; but that of *Har-'old* was ſought for in vain: and Lady *Good-'win* ſaw the attendants return with the bo-'dies of her three younger ſons only; her 'ſorrow, and that of the few friends who ſtill 'adhered to her, was redoubled; and all '*England* mourned the death of *Harold*, whoſe 'conduct after he obtained the throne, diſap-'pointed not the hopes of thoſe who aſſiſted 'him to gain it: the reflection, that He, who 'but yeſterday wore the crown of *England*, 'ſhould lie undiſtinguiſhed among the ſlain, 'not even a ſtone to tell where he lay, added 'to the ſorrow of his friends; yet love and 'deſpair were able to diſtinguiſh him, when 'no other eyes could.'

'*Matilda*, a Lady to whom *Harold* was ten-'derly attached, and who with Lady *Good-'win* had accompanied him to *Haſtings*, and 'remained in the camp, unmoleſted by *Wil-'liam*, now returned to the field of battle, ac-

'companied by her attendants. The ſun was 'by this time riſen, and the melancholy ſearch 'was renewed; and though the mangled re-'mains of her lover was defaced by the num-'berleſs wounds, *Matilda* diſtinguiſhed it 'amidſt the heaps of dead and dying, that lay 'around it. She knew it by a mark on his 'breaſt known only to herſelf. He was found 'with his face upward, his ſword graſped in 'both hands, and the arrow ſtill ſticking in 'his brain. He was laid on a bier, and car-'ried by his weeping ſervants to *Waltham Ab-'bey*, followed by his few afflicted friends, 'where, with his brothers, he was interred; 'this abbey had been founded, and richly 'endowed by *Harold*, during his ſhort reign 'of ſeven months and nine days.' "Alas! "ill-fated *Harold!*" ſaid EDWY, "hadſt thou "leſs ambition, thy only fault, ſtill mighteſt "thou have been living—the guardian of thy "Prince, and of thy country!—but forgotten "be thy errors!—may thy virtues and thy "courage—thy honourable death in defence "of thy country, be alone remembered!"— 'When the *Conqueror*,' continued the ſtranger, 'was peaceably ſettled on the throne, he 'omitted nothing to gain the confidence of 'his new ſubjects;—though the death of *Har-'old* removed the greateſt obſtacle in his way 'to the ſovereignty, that object once accom-'pliſhed, he affected ſome ſorrow at his fate; 'and as a proof of it, he founded an abbey

'on

'on the ſpot where *Harold* was ſlain,—that 'houſe called *Battle-Abbey*, ordering conti-'nual maſſes to be ſaid for the repoſe of his 'ſoul; but the real motive of this oſtentatious 'act of piety was apparently that of perpetu-'ating the memory of his ſucceſſes on that 'memorable day which left him, without a 'rival, monarch of all *England*.

'But *William* ſoon threw off the maſk, 'and treated the wretched inhabitants of this 'land with cruelty:—he forbid the uſe of 'our antient tongue; children are taught to 'ſpeak that of *Normandy*:—All the nobles 'whoſe poſts gave them any power over their 'countrymen, are diſplaced:—Our antient 'laws are aboliſhed; and thoſe of the *Conque-'ror*'s country ſubſtituted:—But what galls 'the wretched Engliſh moſt is the *Curfew*, 'which confines them ſoon after ſun-ſet, in 'darkneſs, to their dwellings; and ſtill more 'to complete their miſeries, the tyrant has de-'ſolated many parts of the kingdom; but '*Ytene* the moſt; for ten leagues he has de-'moliſhed churches, abbeys, caſtles, and 'houſes, to convert it to a foreſt, and a habi-'tation for wild beaſts; and he would more 'readily pardon the killing of a man than of 'a ſtag; this foreſt contains nine walks; each 'has a keeper;—two rangers, a bow-bearer, 'and a Lord-Warden.' Here EDWY, whom conflicting paſſions had kept ſilent, interrupted the ſtranger to give them vent, in words that

ſpoke the ſorrow of his ſoul. What he ſaid raiſed in his young companion, a wonder who he was;—the night was now drawing to an end; and the moon, now in her wane, aroſe, and with feeble beams enlightened the dreary manſion;—EDWY now left the ſheltered corner, and walking through the apartment which ſeemed once to have been a lofty and ſpacious hall; he obſerved it ſome moments in ſilent anguiſh, the ſtranger attending his ſteps which he bent to the court before the building; he ſurveyed it ſome minutes in mute attention, at laſt ſighing heavily he ſaid:—
" Thou antient venerable pile, I ſaw thee once
" in other plight; then did loyalty, and every
" knightly virtue dwell beneath thy ample
" roof!—Oh! was it, to be deſtroyed by a
" lawleſs invader, that thy antique towers,
" thy banner-bearing walls, were raiſed!—
" Or were yon venerable oaks planted by va-
" liant Saxon chiefs,——alas! once vaſſals to
" my renowned foreſathers, and protected for
" ages from the woodman's ſtroke, to be at
" length appropriated by this haughty Nor-
" man Boar, as a ſhelter to his game which he
" finds neceſſary, now he has no more ene-
" mies to ſubdue, to prevent the wearineſs
" and languor perhaps of too deep a re-
" poſe!—yet hear me God of juſtice!—may
" his pleaſures be his bane; and the chace
" prove more fatal to him, than the tented
" field, where he was permitted to triumph

" over

" over this poor country*." The ſtranger who liſtened attentively, marvelled who he might be; but his reſpect was engaged by the dignified and noble port of EDWY, which appeared through his diſguiſe, and the years and ſorrows that oppreſſed him: " I know not," ſaid the youth, " whom I have the honour to " addreſs, but thy words ſhew thee ſuperior " to thy preſent ſeeming; *Fortune, I ſee, de-* " *lights in humbling thoſe ſhe once exalted*; *and* " *Proſperity, that coſener, is not to be relied on*; " and from thy words, I may conclude that " I am not alone in misfortune."

" Why, who art thou? and what have been " thy mishaps? at thoſe green years?" demanded EDWY, and turning his eyes on the youth (who was alſo in the garb of a Palmer) " and doſt thou do penance in theſe weeds?" " they are not, I ween," anſwered the youth, " worn always on that account:" " true," ſaid EDWY, " I wear them not ſo much on " that ſcore myſelf, as for a cloak to ſhelter " me from troubleſome inquiry; but ſay, " if thou haſt no cauſe for concealment to a " brother in adverſity, why doſt thou wear " them?" " Alas! good father," ſaid the youth, " there is ſomething in thee, that has

* 'Tis remarkable, that the death of the *Conqueror* was occaſioned by a hurt he received leaping a ditch; and that his ſon *Richard*, was killed by a ſtag in the new race ground: and *William Ruf s*, who ſucceeded him, was killed by an arrow in the ſame foreſt.

" won

" won my confidence, and I will tell thee,"
—" Hold!" interrupted EDWY, " thy viſage
" is pale, and thou ſeemeſt faint, the air is
" cold, let us return to the ſhelter of the place
" we quitted; in a baſket there, I have ſome
" refreſhments of which I have not taſted:
" we both need a little food; ſome wine too
" will recruit our exhauſted ſpirits; and it is
" yet ſome hours till day-break:" he then returned to the hall, and the youth attended his ſteps.

END OF THE THIRTEENTH BOOK.

EDWY:

AN HISTORIC TALE.

BOOK XIV.

EDWY and his unknown companion having refreſhed themſelves, the latter who wore the habit of a Pilgrim, thus began:—

'It is not, gentle Pilgrim, alone the ſanctity 'of your character which inclines me to unboſom myſelf; the apparent ſympathy of our 'fortunes,—your mild and conciliating demeanour; alike combine to require of me 'that confidence which I am about to repoſe 'in you, though a ſtranger.

'Know then, the garb I wear is not that of 'my ſex;—I am a woman: ——'

'The offſpring of misfortune, my earlier 'days witneſſed the ſighs and tears of a mother;—ſad preſages of that adverſe fortune 'which has invariably ruled the events of my 'life.'

'My

'My mother was niece of Earl *Goodwin*, 'and was committed in her infancy, to his 'care; ſhe was older than *Harold*, the late 'King; or than *Editha*, Queen to *Edward*.'

'When *Ethelred*, compelled to relinquiſh 'the crown, fled to *Normandy*, he was accom-'panied by all his family, Prince EDWY ex-'cepted; that young Prince, ſon of *Ethelred* 'by *Matilda*, the niece of Lord *Eldred*, was 'left to the care of Earl *Goodwin*, and, on 'the King's reſtoration, ſtill remained at '*Goodwin* Caſtle. The Earl, who was 'actuated by the moſt inordinate ambition; 'meditated an union between the ſon of *Ma-'tilda* and *Ethelgiva*, his kinſwoman, when 'both had attained a proper age; but the 'death of *Ethelred*; the enſuing troubles; 'and *Canute*'s aſſumption of the crown; leſ-'ſening his proſpects of advantage from the 'propoſed match, he now adviſed the baniſh-'ment of EDWY, and gave his kinſwoman to '*Oſrick*, a Daniſh Lord; I am the only fruit 'of that marriage.'

'Little happineſs could reſult from an uni-'on in which neither ſimilarity of diſpoſition, 'or mutuality of ſoul, met;—my father, con-'forming to the licentious and diſſolute man-'ners of his countrymen, conſumed his time, 'health and treaſure, in riot and exceſs; his 'revels were uſually prolonged till day-break, 'when the cock awaked their more ſober 'neighbours to toil and buſineſs.

'The

'The unhappy *Ethelgiva* continued to languiſh rather than live; her diſſolution took place at that period when I was but old enough to be ſenſible of her loſs: Lord *Oſrick* ſurvived her ſome years, and lived to ſee the expulſion of his countrymen from *England*, and the acceſſion of *Edward* to the throne.

'On my father's death, the ſlender remains of his fortune was ſeized on by ſome of the Norman favourites of *Edward*, nor did my affinity to Earl *Goodwin*, *Harold*, and the Queen *Editha*, avail me much; deprived of the advantages to which I was intitled by birth and education, my kindred neglected me; I was left to pine in obſcurity and dependance.'

'The widow of Sir *Randolf*, (who had been educated in the ſame convent with my mother) took me under her protection,—and when the death of Lord *Oſrick* had left me wholly deſtitute, the caſtle of Lady *Randolf* became my reſidence, and her friendſhip my whole reſource;—a reſource which, however, ſoon failed me;—for, when Lady *Randolf* (whoſe motives in receiving me, were entirely intereſted) found that I was altogether neglected by the family of Earl *Goodwin*, her kind attentions to me quickly remitted, and I found myſelf ſubjected to all the miſeries of dependence;—but I will not dwell on my ſufferings, ſince I perceive,

'generous

'generous ſtranger, that they affect thee; but 'haſten to explain how I came at the hour we 'met, and in the garb I now wear, to this 'dreary abode:—Not long ſince, Sir *Hu-* 'bert, ſon of Lady *Randolf*, came to reſide at 'her caſtle; he had ſpent much of his time out 'of *England*, at the court of the Duke of *Nor-* 'mandy, with whom he was now returned to 'his native land, as the Norman and French 'courts were crouded with ſtrangers which the 'cruſades had drawn together from all parts of 'Europe, and who had taken thoſe countries 'in their way to *Paleſtine*.

'The manners of Sir *Hubert* were more po- 'liſhed, and his gallantry towards our ſex was 'more refined than what was practiſed by the 'youth of *England*, who had been ſo long de- 'preſſed beneath the Daniſh yoke, and had ſeen 'little of magnificence during the reign of the 'Confeſſor; but I was not dazzled by the tinſel 'glitter of his foreign manners, and prized 'more the plain ſincerity of my countrymen. 'Whenever the abſence of Lady *Randolf* gave 'him an opportunity, he ſtrove under fair 'pretence of friendly offers, with well-placed 'words of glozing courteſy, to wind himſelf 'into my good opinion; but my heart, ſadden- 'ed by misfortune, depreſſed and mortified 'by the pride of Lady *Randolf*, was proof 'againſt the arts of her ſon; but though I avoid- 'ed all opportunities of converſing with him, 'ſhe perceived his growing regard, and one

'day

'day ſending for me to her chamber, ſhe reca-
'pitulated all the paſt, unfortunate events of my
'life, and ſaid, that "ſhould death deprive
"me of her, I would be utterly deſtitute and
"forlorn;—though ſhe ſaw me drowned in
"tears at this unfeeling picture of my fate,
"ſhe had the cruelty to dwell on it, and even
"to ſay—that now Sir *Hubert* was returned;
"were I to continue at her caſtle, my fame
"would be blaſted." 'Shocked, humbled,
'terrified, I longed, yet dreaded, to hear
'what her diſcourſe would end in; at laſt ſhe
'ſoftened her voice to feign ſome concern:—
"Dry up thy tears, *Elfleda*," ſhe ſaid, "I
"have been thinking how to ſettle thee out
"of the reach of all this, and have provided
"thee a protector; and when my ſon goes
"hence, which he means to do in a few days,
"thy marriage ſhall be completed." 'But
'may I not know the name of this huſband,
'I replied.' "Why, what matters it who he
"is, ſo thou, in this miſerable condition, doſt
"acquire a home by his means!"—'She then
'named a wretch, one of her vaſſals, wealthy
'indeed; but of manners ſordid and rough;
'and of blood and degree, ſo inferior to mine,
'as amazed me that even in my low and de-
'pendent ſtate, ſhe would name him to me;
'ſhe expatiated on my good fortune in having
'a friend like her, to beſtow me ſo well; and
'finding me ſilent, and not diſpoſed to return
'thoſe thanks ſhe thought due to her, ſhe diſ-

'missed me angrily, declaring my hand should 'be given to the husband she had provided 'me, without consulting my will any more. 'I went from her presence, into a little wood 'in the park, and casting myself on the 'ground, under some shrubs that formed an 'arbour, I gave free vent to my sorrow and 'my fears; and was surprized in this place by 'Sir *Hubert*; he had overheard enough of my 'complaints to know the cause of my distress.'

"Fair *Elfleda*," he said, seating himself by me, "I am not unacquainted with the cause "of your tears; but you are a stranger per- "haps, that in some measure I am the cause "of them;—hurt by Lady *Randolf*'s harsh- "ness to one whom hard fortune subjected "to her; I expostulated on the cruelty of it; "she fell into a rage, and accused me of I "I know not what dishonourable designs."— "For thou," said Lady *Randolf*, "art not "mean enough to espouse a maid, the object "of my charity, and the offcast of her own "own house!"—I answered, that, "though "you were all she said, your noble descent "and gentle virtues would add honour to the "noblest house in the realm." "But it shall "never be said," interrupted Lady *Randolf* with fury, "that one who has so long subsisted "by my bounty, was raised to succeed me in "this castle." "She then in a terrible man- "ner, denounced her heaviest malediction "on my head, should I offer you my hand; "but,

" but, my fair *Elfleda*, will you run the risk
" of incurring with me, a parent's curse?—
" Perhaps she may be prevailed on to withdraw
" it, or rather have we any cause to fear that
" Heaven will hear a curse so unjustly pro-
" nounced?"—" However that may be," I answered, " you shall not for me incur it;—
' some voices that seemed approaching, made
' us separate; but e'er he would leave me, he
' extorted a promise, that when the family were
' at rest, I would meet him in the garden;—I
' wandered on to the extremity of the park, to
' the cottage of an aged dame, who once had
' been a servant to my mother; to her I open-
' ed my heart, and told all its sorrows, and
' bid her counsel me how to act:—she was fir-
' ed with indignation at the recital I made her,
' and felt with me the little delicacy shewn by
' Sir *Hubert*, in so exactly repeating the hum-
' bling and heart-wounding words of Lady
' *Randolf*.'

" He would seduce thee, my child;" said
" *Alice*, " under the shew of honour; but
" he means thee not well; when thy hard fate
" threw thee into the care of this proud dame,
" I foresaw no happiness for thee: thy mo-
" ther's gentle humility made her in her
" youth, admit her to much intimacy; but
" she was in all things her inferior, until her
" good fortune in being matched to a Nor-
" man knight, who had accompanied *Ethel-*
" *red* to *England*, secured her a splendid for-

" tune; when your's, my child, fell to the
" ground: and it was more to gratify her
" pride, than from any principle of goodneſs
" or generoſity that this Lady took thee again."
' *Alice* warned me to beware of the arts of
' Sir *Hubert:* and ſeemed happy when I aſ-
' ſured her, that my heart felt only indiffe-
' rence for him. After long conſidering the
' danger of my ſituation; I reſolved at cloſe
' of day, to pretend ſickneſs, to retire early,
' to bolt my chamber door, and repair as un-
' noticed as I could to her cottage; where
' from the neighbouring town, ſhe promiſed
' to provide me the habit of a Palmer: in that
' diſguiſe, I determined to travel to the retreat
' of *Editha*, widow to *Edward*."—" And
' where," aſked EDWY, " does ſhe reſide
" ſince the deſtruction of her houſe?" ' In
' the gloom and quiet of a cloiſter,' went on
' *Elfleda*, ' ſhe finds that peace the court never
' afforded her: ſoon after the death of *Ed-*
' *ward*, who ſuffered her, with a laviſh hand,
' to enrich the convent he had newly found-
' ed; ſhe bid adieu to the world, and took the
' vows, in that houſe, that had for ſome years
' paſt, been her priſon:"—" I have indeed
" heard," ſaid EDWY, " that *Edward*, when
" irritated at the outrage of her brother, con-
" fined his illfated Queen, but he recalled her,
" did he not?"—' Never," went on *Elfleda*,
' for, either from motives of religion, or aver-
' ſion to the blood of Earl *Goodwin*; he

' took

'took a ſtrict vow of chaſtity, though mar-
'ried to the moſt beautiful woman of her
'time! and had not this weak Prince been
'directed wholly by bigotry, or an unforgiv-
'ing ſpirit, he might have left heirs to inherit
'the crown of his anceſtors; and ſaved his
'country from an odious and cruel yoke;—
'but this is foreign to my ſtory: to return to
'the cauſe of our meeting here; I concealed
'ſome jewels, that had been my mother's,
'under my diſguiſe, and left the cottage of
'*Alice*, as ſoon as it was dark: ſhe directed
'me to one half a league diſtance, where I
'might remain with ſafety until next evening,
'and take from thence a guide to the convent
'where the Queen reſides; when admitted to
'her preſence, I meant to declare my name
'and hard fortune, and implore her protec-
'tion; but engroſſed by ſad reflection, I miſ-
'ſed the path that *Alice* had directed me to
'purſue, nor diſcovered I had miſſed it until
'the diſmal ſound of the Curfew alarmed me;
'I ſtarted from my reverie, and found myſelf
'near this ruinous building, where fearing to
'wander alone in the night, as late at eve, I
'had encountered a band of rude and igno-
'rant hinds, who joyful that the labour of
'ſpring was over, had prolonged their rejoic-
'ings until the going down of the ſun *; and

* Before Chriſtianity, ſacrifices to the Sun were per-
formed three times in the year; at the end of Spring, to
bleſs

'wiſhing to avoid the rudeneſs of ſuch late 'waſſailors, I choſe rather to paſs the night 'beneath thoſe unſheltering walls; and at the 'firſt light of day, to ſeek from the next vil-'lage, a guide to conduct me to the end of 'my journey, when the riotous band ſur-'rounded me, and wanted me to join their 'mirth; I framed a tale of forged penance to 'be performed at the tomb of the *Confeſſor*, 'and they ſuffered me to depart unmoleſted: 'but Heaven, perhaps in you, has ſent me 'the guide I ſtand in need of. Your age, 'and the ſanctity of your appearance, aſſures 'me, and I can have no fears in your com-'pany.

'I have now told all my ſtory; and I bleſs 'the ſtorm which brought us both for ſhelter 'unto this roofleſs caſtle—perhaps too, we are 'nearly allied in ill-fortune:"——"Nearly, "indeed are we allied in ill-fortune," ſaid EDWY, interrupting *Elfleda*, "and to repay "thy confidence, I will reveal to thee with "the openneſs that has guided thy words; "the name of the man before thee, in thy re-"lation, thou haſt named EDWY, the ſon of "*Ethelred*,—behold him in me!"

bleſs the new-ſown grain; at Midſummer, to preſerve it from any thing hurtful; and in harveſt, the feaſt of Loaf-maſs, or Lammaſs, in gratitude for its being reaped in ſafety. N. B. Midſummer bonfires are the only remains of theſe ceremonies.

'Thou

'Thou EDWY!' exclaimed *Elfleda*, 'Alas! 'can it be! how didſt thou eſcape the bloody 'caution of *Canute*? or where waſt thou du- 'ring the reign of the *Confeſſor*?"—"Well," he anſwered, "mayeſt thou aſk that queſtion; "but an unhappy paſſion, which long poſſeſſed "my heart, made me bury myſelf in an ob- "ſcure retreat, long after my fears of *Canute* "were over:"—He then related all that had befallen him, and ended with offering to ac- company her to the retreat of *Editha*; "whom," ſaid he, "I can now behold without any "emotion: time has at length cured me of "an affection that exiſted only to torment me, "and never was cheriſhed by hope; but by ſo- "litude and idleneſs, and I continually brood- "ed over the idea, and the loſs of Earl *Good- "win*'s daughter, as one great ill I had to "complain of: left a prey to the ſadneſs of "my own mind; cut off from the world, "without comfort or reſource, or ought to "reſiſt or diſſipate that gloom, that was in- "creaſed by reflection on the paſt, and fears "for the future; I baniſhed hope, which, "though experience oft ſhews us, is a flat- "terer, it ſhould yet be harboured, if we "would enjoy the preſent moment, or merit "the relief or the protection of Heaven."

'But why, my Lord,' aſked *Elfleda*, 'why 'ſought you not *Edward* ſooner? even in his 'fugitive ſtate in *Normandy*, before he be- 'came *England*'s King; ſince thoſe who them-

ſelves

'selves have experienced adverſity, feel moſt
'for the ſorrows of others: but in the lonely
'gloom of the Anchorite's life, or under the
'diſguiſe of the Pilgrim; though the latter
'was thy ſafety, yet both ſhrouded thee from
'advantage as well as danger."

"True;" anſwered EDWY, "but thou
"mayeſt gather from my relation, many of
"the reaſons that made me drag on a life of
"ſolitude and obſcurity: in the grave of *Al-*
"*fred*, that dear and beloved brother, and in
"that of *Edmund*, that worthy ſon of the royal
"*Ethelred*, lay buried all my hopes; and they
"are for ever deſtroyed, by finding thoſe de-
"ſcendants of that good Prince thruſt out,
"and a ſtranger, a tyrant on the throne of
"my great anceſtors: this laſt blow, which
"cut off all my hope, make my preſent garb,
"and poor beſeeming ſuited to my fortune;
"and when I have ſeen thee ſheltered in ſome
"ſecurity, from the dangers that await thy
"helpleſs ſex, when unprotected; I will ſeek
"ſome corner to end my days in, reſigned to
"the fate Heaven ſeems to have allotted me:
"but I forget me, to enquire for the children
"of *Edward*, ſon to *Edmund Ironſides*; or if
"his Princeſs accompanied him to *England*?"

'She did;' ſaid *Elfleda*, and on the death
'of *Edward*, her Lord, ſhe took refuge in
'the court of *Malcolm*, King of *Scotland*,
'who ſoon after married *Margaret*, the elder
'of her daughters; and inſured to the Prin-

'ceſs,

'ceſs, and *Chriſtiana*, her younger daughter, 'a ſecure aſylum. When the widow of *Ed-* 'ward fled from *England*, ſhe was not ſuffer- 'ed to take her ſon *Edgar Atheling* with her; 'During the life of the *Confeſſor*, he was con- 'ſidered as heir to the crown; and the empty 'title of *England's Darling*, was given him: 'and though ſome feeble efforts to ſeat him on 'the throne were made at the death of his un- 'cle, his beſt friends were eaſily drawn away 'by the party of *Harold*; and he remained 'at the caſtle where he received his educa- 'tion, during the ſhort reign of the latter:" "and what is ſince become of him?" aſked EDWY; 'although he was in no danger;' went on *Elfleda*, 'from any fears of the con- 'querors on his account, who had no motive 'to deprive him of life by a barbarous policy, 'yet not enduring to ſee the crown on the 'head of a ſtranger, that ought to encircle his 'own; he, not long ſince, took the Croſs, 'and attended by two hundred knights, whoſe 'poſſeſſions were beſtowed by the Conqueror 'on his Norman followers, they went with '*Edgar* in ſearch of that fame and fortune 'they were ſtript of in *England*: glad to rid 'himſelf of a Prince, whoſe right he had uſurp- 'ed, *William* readily gave him leave to de- 'part, and allowed him a moderate ſupply to 'equip him for the cruſade; which ſupply he 'ſhared with his followers: Thus this ill-fated 'Prince, deprived of an earthly crown, is gone

" gone to merit a heavenly one; by enlisting " himself under the banner of the Cross.'

" Alas! then," said EDWY, " there is an " end of the race of *Ethelred!* but let us re- " turn to the court of the castle, the day be- " gins to appear."

They went forth, and though the sable night had given place to the grey dawn; the morning star still shone in the sky, which was now only obscured by those mists which the appearance of the sun would soon dispel " Let " us," said EDWY to his companion, (whose face he now contemplated for the first time) " hasten from this place; thou resemblest " much thy mother, and for the affection I " once bore her; thou shalt have all the as- " sistance in the power of EDWY to bestow: " here are jewels that my retired life have " made useless to me; should *Editha* refuse " thee her protection; they will secure thee " a retreat in some convent; and can I better " bestow them?—part of them were the gift " of royal *Edmund* to thy mother; when " our hands were to have been joined in mar- " riage; and which he sent me, when by the " cruel order of *Canute*, I became an exile " and a wanderer: for me, I seem as if fate " had dissevered me from that chain that " unites mankind together; no duties have " ever been assigned me, I am not entitled to " the name of a Briton—a son, a brother, a " husband, a father, or even a subject:—my

" fate

" fate is a hard one;—but the ſon of *Ethelred*
" and *Matilda*, muſt drink the cup of ſorrow
" that ſeems deſtined for him, 'tis his por-
" tion, and he ſubmits to it:——the greateſt,
" I may ſay the only pure pleaſure I ever ex-
" perienced, was in aſſiſting to ſave the lives
" of *Edmund*'s ſons, and obtaining them a
" refuge in *Hungary*:—Fortune has now
" thrown thee in my way, and my heart feels
" comfort from the little power I have to ſerve
" thee; it had been my happineſs, had Hea-
" ven thought fit to allow me the means of
" aſſiſting every ſon and daughter of affliction;
" but the diſpoſer of all events knew
" beſt:—riches, power, honours, might have
" hardened my heart, and led me wide of the
" paths I, in idea, purſue: I am not now
" accountable for the talent, not intruſted to
" me, and may meet the approbation of Hea-
" ven, who ſees the intention of my heart;
" a reflection which oft times ſooths my
" mind."

'Virtuous, amiable EDWY!" ſaid *Elfleda*, 'ſhame and virgin modeſty induced me to 'conceal from thee one thing which I ſhall 'now reveal, and I will be determined by thy 'advice; and ſhould it be to give up the firſt 'and deareſt affection of my heart, I will 'do it.'

" Say on," ſaid EDWY, " if the affection
" be not ill placed;—if the object does not de-
" baſe thee, fear not my cenſure;—it is not the
" being

" being ſenſible to the paſſion of love; but con-
" ferring the affections of the heart on an un-
" worthy object, that conſtitutes the fault;—
" but ſay, (perceiving the bluſhes which ſuf-
fuſed her cheeks) notwithſtanding your
" avowed indifference or averſion to the ſon
" of Lady *Randolf*, has he obtained an inte-
" reſt in your heart?—At that part of your ſto-
" ry, I apprehend that you have made ſome re-
" ſerves;—I was ſurprized that you had reject
" ed the proffered hand of Sir *Hubert*, though
" I approved of the rejection?"

'For Sir *Hubert*,' went on *Elfleda*, 'I
' had ſmarted ſo much from the pride of his
' mother, I feared to bind myſelf to her by
' any tie; and her becoming my mother-in-
' law, I knew would not ſoften her; beſide,
' the malediction ſhe pronounced, was in my
' my mind, an inſurmountable obſtacle;—but
' not to detain you:—there is a youth, whoſe
' gentle pity for my forlorn ſtate, and whoſe
' amiable qualities have won my heart, his
' name is *Harcourt*, the ſon of a Norman
' knight, who accompanied *Ethelred* to *Eng-*
' *land*, and married a lady of Queen *Emma*'s
' train, and young *Harcourt* is the fruit of
' this marriage; Sir *Harcourt*, his father, be-
' ing of a mild temper, and infirm in his
' health, lived retired in the country, with-
' out honours, or ſeeking any; and his ſon
' has followed his example:—I firſt ſaw him
' at *Randolf* Caſtle, on the arrival of Sir *Hu-*
' *bert*, as I was ever at the ſide of Lady *Ran-*
' *dolf*,

'dolf, who prided in ſhewing her dominion 'over me; and young *Harcourt* ſeemed to 'feel the inſult and ſcorn, with which this 'haughty dame delighted to treat me.

'One day that he had ſeen me treated with 'unuſual harſhneſs, I went, as ſoon as I could 'leave Lady *Randolf*, into the garden; as I 'entered it, I met *Harcourt*, who haſtily with-'drew, when he ſaw me appear; I went with-'out any deſign, to the walk he had quitted, 'and found a paper unfolded and without di-'rection; it ſeemed but the rough copy of a 'letter, and contained theſe words:——

HARCOURT *to* ELFLEDA.

AH! how I regret that unpleaſing ſtate to which fortune ſubjects thee, Elfleda!—*yet wilt thou fly with one whoſe heart is devoted to thee, and reſign, without reluctance, the empty glare and pomp of greatneſs which ſo ſeldom yields content to the poſſeſſors;—I have, 'tis true, but a lowly habitation to offer thee, for the ſplendid abode I would perſuade thee to quit.—Nor will I deceive thee—with me thy ſilken ſheen and glittering ornaments muſt be laid aſide; and, in their place, the ruſſet gown, and home-ſpun kirtle, be aſſumed.—The abode I have to offer, is too inferior to that thou haſt a right to expect; but what thou wanteſt in ſplendour, ſhall be amply ſupplied in happineſs, and an*

attachment that nothing but death can end.—Wilt thou then go with me, and quit without regret, the gay ſcenes of this caſtle?—Canſt thou leave them without a ſigh?

'I tore this paper when I had read it, and 'ſcattered it among the ſurrounding ſhrubs; 'then continued to walk in the ſame alley until 'ſummoned to attend Lady *Randolf*, who was 'ſuddenly indiſpoſed, and remained all that 'and the next day in her chamber. Mean-'time *Harcourt* departed, and I feared, in the 'belief that I held him in diſdain;—it was 'not long after this that the converſation Sir '*Hubert* held with me made me leave the caſ-'tle;—and though I ſhall not deny to thee, 'that my heart inclined me to favour the ſuit 'of *Harcourt*, who, though not equal to my-'ſelf in deſcent, is yet of good and honoura-'ble extraction, who only mentioned my de-'pendant ſtate to offer a deliverance from it; 'yet pride would not ſuffer me to go, a deſti-'tute woman, into a houſe whoſe owner had I 'my right of birth, would not adventure to 'look up to me.'

"And yet," ſaid EDWY, "thy high ſpirit "would brook the pride of Lady *Randolf!*"

Elfleda finding he pauſed at theſe words, ſaid, without raiſing her eyes,—'Do you, my 'Lord, approve my making a return of love, 'where I have nothing but my hand to give?'

"Speak

"Speak unreſervedly," ſaid EDWY, "wouldſt
"thou prefer the cloiſter to giving thy hand
"to a worthy youth, becauſe thou art related
"to thoſe whoſe brows have been incircled
"by a crown?—Has it in one ſingle inſtance
"been of advantage to thee, that *Harold* was
"King of *England?*—or *Editha*, the compa-
"nion of thy mother's youth, and her kinſwo-
"man, was wife to a monarch?—Poor empty
"title! that far from conferring on her tran-
"quillity or happineſs, precluded her from
"both!"

'I perceive,' ſaid *Elfleda*, 'I ſhall not in-
'cur thy cenſure, by owning that young
'*Harcourt* is not indifferent to me.'

"Then ſay," ſaid EDWY, "where reſides
"he? When ſaw you him? And was the mo-
"tive of your flight from *Randolf* Caſtle,
"the friendſhip of the Queen, or the protec-
"tion of thy lover?"

'I have told thee the truth,' anſwered *El-
'fleda*, 'when I ſaid I meant to move the
'the Queen to afford me her compaſſion; but
'will confeſs I did not forbid *Alice* to inform
'*Harcourt*, ſhould he return to the caſtle, of
'all that concerned me; ſhould he renew the
'offer of his heart, the Queen perhaps, may
'not diſdain it for me; but it is far more eli-
'gible to ſeek her protection than remain in
'the painful ſtate I have fled from.' Here
Elfleda paused for ſome minutes, and proceeded;
'but perhaps *Harcourt* has miſtaken my diſap-

'pearance after he dropt the paper I found,
'for disapprobation of his love.'

"'Tis easy," answered EDWY, "to unde-
"ceive him, and that I will do; nor shall thy
"modesty be hurt in the manner:—I like this
"*Harcourt*, and wish to see, and judge of
"him myself."

'Surely, my Lord,' said *Elfleda*, "thou
'art a friend, and my heart is grateful to
'thee; but is this proceeding becoming a
'young maid?'—"Be not ashamed," he an-
swered; "leave it to me; the story of thy
"flight from *Randolf* Castle will no doubt be
"differently reported;—I will explain the
"truth—but where dwells he?" 'Some
'leagues West of this forest,' answered *Elfleda*.'
"Then let us," said EDWY, "seek some ha-
"bitation to rest this day in, and consider on
"the best means to make thy story known to
"*Editha*."

They then pursued their way, and coming about sun-rise to an eminence, they ascended it, and EDWY, whom hopes of rest from his exile and wanderings, now began to cheer, staid his steps to contemplate that loved country from whose bosom he had been so long banished.

END OF THE FOURTEENTH BOOK.

EDWY:

AN

HISTORIC TALE.

BOOK XV.

THE view that now preſented itſelf to the eyes of EDWY, baniſhed, for ſome minutes, all thoughts but thoſe of pleaſure from his mind; the hill on which he ſtood, bounded the foreſt on that ſide; beyond it lay cultivated fields, verdant paſtures, covered with herds and flocks; and at the diſtance of half a league, a manſion which ſeemed to denote its maſter's turn of mind; it appeared not poorly low, nor idly great; around it the ſoil ſeemed improved; its neat trimmed hedge rows hid it not from ſight: behind it lay an extenſive garden, which Spring had already cloathed in green, and was beginning to deck with bloſſoms;—"If content dwells not in

" yonder habitation," ſaid *Elfleda*, " where " can we hope to find it!" " Know you the " owner?" aſked EDWY. " No;" ſhe replied, " but I almoſt envy the poſſeſſor of ſo " ſweet a retreat, and were I miſtreſs of ſuch " a one, I would not exchange my condition " with thoſe whom fortune has in the higheſt " degree favoured:" " how hard to judge of " any condition," ſaid EDWY, deſcending the hill, " until we have tried it;—but yonder " cottage muſt for the preſent content us, and " may perhaps afford a readier welcome than " a more ſplendid abode:" he then pointed out the cottage which was not very diſtant, to *Elfleda*, and both haſtening toward it, met the owner going forth to his wonted labour; while his wife kindled a fire to provide his morning repaſt; a blooming boy ſat playing on the ruſh ſtrewed floor, with a kitten which friſked its gambols, and equally delighted itſelf and its young companion. " Peace to this houſe," ſaid EDWY, entering, the woman looked ſurpriſed, but welcomed the ſtrangers, placing ſeats for them near her fire, which ſoon began to blaze with added fewel, ſure proof of welcome and of hoſpitality.

EDWY informed his hoſt, that " being un- " acquainted with the country, and without a " guide, they had been forced by the tempeſt " to paſs the night in the ruinous caſtle, by the " ſide of the foreſt, without reſt, which they " ſtood more in need of than food;" they however,

however accepted ſome milk, new from the cow. The woman then got ready her own bed, on which *Elfleda* lay down; ſhe then ſpread ſome clean ſtraw and a ruſh mat with a warm rug for EDWY, and they ſlept undiſturbed until noon.

When they aroſe, *Oſwina*, their kind hoſteſs, ſet before them a little repaſt, in which neatneſs and plenty appeared.

Refreſhed by reſt and their homely entertainment, they left her to the care of her cottage, and walked out to enjoy the mildneſs of the ſky, after the horrors of the preceding night. The ſun was bright and unclouded, and his rays warmed the air, and cheered the face of nature; they ſeated themſelves beneath a hedge that ſhaded a violet ſcented bank, and began to conſider in what manner they could beſt convey themſelves to the retreat of *Editha*. EDWY propoſed, that *Elfleda* ſhould remain at the cottage, and leave him to make known her ſituation to *Editha*.

As they returned, they met the peaſant on his way from the field where he had been at labour; *Elfleda* continued her way to the cottage; and EDWY accoſting the peaſant, offered him a handſome recompence, if he would conduct him to the convent where the Queen reſided. The peaſant conſented, and they ſet forward, leaving *Elfleda* in the care of *Oſwina*.

When

When they were at ſome diſtance from the cottage, EDWY inquired of his conductor, if he knew where dwelt Sir *Harcourt*; and rejoiced to hear that his abode was not more than a league diſtant; he deſired to be guided thither, and the peaſant taking another path, they arrived at it ſome hours before ſunſet.

On being told that a Palmer enquired for him, young *Harcourt* appeared, and diſcerning ſomewhat noble in the aſpect and mein of EDWY, and in his ſalutation, he courteouſly conducted him into his hall, and invited him to refreſh himſelf and repoſe: the peaſant was alſo, by his order, attended to. When EDWY had eaten, and taken a goblet to the health to of his entertainer, he informed *Harcourt* of his meeting with *Elfleda*; of the cauſe of her quitting the caſtle of *Randolf*, and of her deſign to commit herſelf to the protection of *Edward*'s Queen: that fearing the malice of the proud dame from whom ſhe had fled, might blacken her fame, ſhe had given it in charge to him, to make Sir *Harcourt* acquainted with the truth.

The youth haſtily interrupting him, inquired, "by whom attended ſhe ſought the "retreat of *Editha*; or if her intent was to "take the veil?"

"It is the only reſource left her," replied EDWY, "and the Queen probably will offer "her no other."

Harcourt

Harcourt remained ſilent for ſome time; then addreſſing EDWY, "art thou," ſaid he, "of "*Elfleda*'s kindred?"——"I am," anſwered EDWY, "at leaſt her approved friend, and "more attached to her, than any of her blood "now living."

"Would to God," ſaid the youth modeſtly, "thou wouldſt look favourably on me; I love "the fair *Elfleda*, but fear that I ſhould be "deemed preſumptuous were I to preſs my "ſuit; but if thou haſt influence, and would "uſe it in my favour, thou wouldſt ever bind "me to thee:" "art thou ſubject to no con-"troul," aſked EDWY, "and free to pleaſe "thyſelf?"

"I am," returned *Harcourt*, "bound by "dutiful affection to a mother, who would "rejoice to call the fair *Elfleda* daughter; my "father has been dead ſome weeks; to attend "on his laſt moments I was ſummoned from "*Randolf* Caſtle, and his death has left me "maſter of myſelf and all his wealth, which "though it raiſes me not to an exalted ſtation, "leaves me nothing to wiſh for in reſpect to "independence: there is then nothing want-"ing to my happineſs, but the conſent of *El-*"*fleda*, and I ſubmit it to thee, whether it be "more humiliating to live ſubject to the will "of another, though of her own blood, or to "honour with her hand a man who will make "her felicity his firſt care.

EDWY,

EDWY, pleaſed with this ingenuous and honourable declaration, gave his hand to *Harcourt*, in token of friendſhip, bid him to prepare to follow, and told him that he would conduct him to *Elfleda*; and further, that he had collected from her diſcourſe, that virgin modeſty alone, and the deſpondence ariſing from her depreſſed ſtate, had prevented her owning a tenderer ſentiment than mere gratitude, for his attachment: "I did not diſcloſe to her," ſaid EDWY, "my thoughts; but when I adviſed her ſtay at the cottage, until I had ſeen "*Edward*'s Queen, I meant to ſeek and inform thee of her ſituation; my hopes and "reliance are founded on thy honour; as a "true knight, and one whom intercourſe with "the world has not yet corrupted."

"Heaven and earth!" ſaid *Harcourt*, "can "it be! the lovely *Elfleda* then does not deſpiſe me!——let us fly, good Pilgrim, conduct me to her."—

"Hold!" ſaid EDWY, "*Elfleda* informed "me of ſomewhat, which at the moment ſtruck "me with mortal ſorrow, (though the account "of her own ſad fortune effaced it from my "mind afterward) that by the laws of your "new King; whom I muſt ever call *England*'s "inſlaver, none muſt be ſeen out of their habitations, after the ringing of the curfew, "on pain of, I know not what puniſhment."

"'Tis true," ſaid *Harcourt*, yet Heaven is "my witneſs, that though born a Norman, I "feel

" feel for the wretched inhabitants; but what
" does my ſorrow for their ſufferings avail?
" I am known to be allied to this land, by a
" Saxon mother, and have particular favour
" ſhewn me in the privileges allowed me;
" yet, from my mother who is an Engliſh wo-
" man, and from my father who long reſided
" here, I have an hereditary attachment to *Eng-*
" *land*, and an utter averſion to whatever
" meaſures have a tendency to enſlave it; to
" avoid being tempted to act contrary to the
" example of my father; I have hitherto paſ-
" ſed my life remote from court, and at a diſ-
" tance from the *Conqueror:* from whom,
" were I to ſolicit it, I might find powerful
" patronage."

EDWY regarded *Harcourt* with a look of kindneſs, and taking his hand, he ſaid, " I
" know not who thou art; but thy ſentiments
" ennoble and exalt thee above titles or ho-
" nours: but inform me who thy mother is;
" thou ſayeſt ſhe is of Engliſh extraction;
" perhaps I know the ſtock from whence ſhe
" ſprings."

" I mean not," ſaid *Harcourt*, " to boaſt
" of the nobility of my deſcent; but I have
" heard my mother ſay, that ſhe is deſcended
" from a noble houſe; ſhe was ſiſter to *Ma-*
" *tilda*, unfortunate in falling into the hands
" of Earl *Eldred*, her near kinſman; who
" baſely ſold her to *Ethelred*, at that time
" King, merely to acquire an aſcendency over

" that

" that voluptuous monarch. *Oſwilda*, my
" mother, was ſome years younger than her
" ſiſter, and poſſeſſed fewer exterior graces;
" ſhe was placed early in a convent for her
" education; and by ſome of thoſe whimſical
" turns of fortune, we often ſee, became
" after the death of *Matilda*, maid of honour
" to *Emma*, Queen of *Ethelred*; and accom-
" panied her to the court of her brother the
" Duke of *Normandy*, where my father, then
" a knight of *Richard*'s train; ſaw, loved,
" and married her.—when *Ethelred* was re-
" called to *England*, my parents accompa-
" nied the Queen; Sir *Harcourt* became her
" knight, and his attachment was liberally
" rewarded: his health beginning to decline,
" he retired from court, to this ſequeſtered
" ſpot, where he remained unmoleſted du-
" ring the ſeveral revolutions that convulſed
" this land; the Queen's marriage with *Ca-
" nute* contributed to leave him in peace,
" but much more his own moderate conduct."

EDWY manifeſted great agitation during *Harcourt*'s diſcourſe, and hardly reſtraining his emotions till he had finiſhed, he forcibly graſped his hands, and was for ſome moments unable to ſpeak; at length he ſaid, " I thank
" Heaven! that has ſent me one human being
" connected with me by blood!" then throwing his arms around *Harcourt*, he ſunk on his boſom, and when he could find words, he ſaid, " I will know no reſerve to thee, thou

" art

"art of my blood!—thy mother and mine "were ſiſters. In me behold the ſon of *Ethel-* "*red* and *Matilda!*—haſt thou not heard of "EDWY?—EDWY baniſhed by *Canute.*"—— "Thou, EDWY!—thou the ſon of royal *Ethel-* "*red!*" ſaid *Harcourt*,—"can it be!"—"It "is even ſo," anſwered EDWY, "and little "advantage or honour has it been to me that "I was ſon to a monarch; born to rank, but "thrown defenceleſs on the world, I have en- "dured many evils:"—he then, at the re- queſt of *Harcourt*, made him a ſhort detail of his life, and ending with his meeting *Elfleda*; and laying aſide all reſerve, acquainted him, that her heart, though reſtrained by virgin modeſty, was entirely his.

The enraptured youth was ſilent for a mo- ment; nor could ſoon find words to expreſs his joy or gratitude;—at length he recollected that *Oſwilda* was yet ignorant that the ſon of her ſiſter was beneath her roof; and ran to in- form her of it:—ſhe haſtened to embrace and give him welcome.

EDWY felt a pleaſure in being thus careſſed by perſons ſo nearly allied to him, that ſince the death of *Edmund* and *Alfred*, he deſ- paired of ever taſting more; and the curfew, which began to ring, rouſed him to a recollec- tion that he could not, as he had deſigned, re- turn that night to the cottage where he had left *Elfleda*.

But knowing her ſafe, he reſigned himſelf to taſte unmixed the ſatisfaction which the ſociety of his new found kindred, afforded him. A repaſt, the beſt the ſhort time afforded, was ſoon ready, and as *Harcourt* was deemed a Norman, and was indulged in many privileges, they were not afraid to prolong it beyond the curfew.

Before midnight they ſeparated, and EDWY was conducted to his chamber, where the reſt he enjoyed was undiſturbed by any painful or unquiet thought.

The ſun was ſcarce riſen, when the impatience of *Harcourt* made him ſummon EDWY from his couch to the hall: where *Oſwilda*, and a repaſt ſuited to the morn, awaited their coming.

The ſun now had drank up the dews of night, and began to warm the air, when this little troop departed, with the peaſant for their guide: a palfrey, properly capariſoned, was led for *Elfleda*.

As EDWY had approached the manſion of *Harcourt* a back way, he little heeded the ſituation; but a hill, covered with the freſheſt verdure, through which the primroſe began to peep, attracted his attention, and he aſcended it, to view the ſurrounding country: but how great his ſatisfaction, to find the manſion he had left, the very one himſelf and *Elfleda* had beheld with ſuch pleaſure the day before!

Long

Long before noon they arrived at the cottage; and EDWY's heart, cheered by meeting his kindred, received pleaſure from every object; the ſcene that now preſented itſelf, delighted him: at the cottage door ſat *Oſwina* ſpinning from her rock, garments for her huſband and her infants; the eldeſt, (that blooming boy who had attracted ſo much the notice of *Elfleda* on her firſt arrival;) was gathering the firſt flowers of the ſpring from the neighbouring hedge, which ſhe wove into a garland to adorn a lamb, the favourite of her young companion.

The barking of a dog, that firſt diſcovered the travellers approach, made her look up: ſhe ſaw EDWY, accompanied by one whom ſhe ſoon knew to be *Harcourt*, followed by three attendants, and the peaſant:—She aroſe, then ſat down, advanced a few ſteps, and ſtopped irreſolute;—but *Harcourt* no ſooner ſaw her, than throwing himſelf from his horſe, in a moment he was at her feet.

EDWY, alſo alighting, came forward, and diſmiſſing thoſe who accompanied them, under pretence of attending to the horſes; he took *Elfleda*'s hand; and making *Harcourt* ariſe, he conducted them into the ſhelter of an adjoining copſe, and in as few words as poſſible, making *Elfleda* acquainted with his affinity to *Harcourt* and *Oſwilda*, he ſaid, "behold one, "like thyſelf, in ſome degree allied to Kings, "—yet what profit is it to either?—but be-

" hold what is of infinitely more value,—a " heart, where honour and every ſentiment " that exalts mankind are to be found; and " what is for thee more fortunate—that heart " devoted to thee alone:" he then took the hands of *Elfleda* and of *Harcourt*, and joining them, " accept of me, my children," he ſaid, " as your father; and be to me as chil- " dren—a bleſſing, till now, I ever deſpaired " of knowing—I have enough to purchaſe " me a quiet retreat; let me find it with " you:"—he then produced jewels to a valuable amount, and preſenting them to *Elfleda*, he ſaid, " Here, my daughter, when thou " giveſt thy hand to this worthy youth, give " him theſe as thy dower; I will make my " abode with ye, and end my days in my " native land, and in the boſom of my near- " eſt kindred."

Elfleda and *Harcourt* were overjoyed at this reſolution, but could hardly be prevailed on to accept the jewels:—" Contend with me " no longer," ſaid Edwy, " theſe gems are " uſeleſs to me, and I truſt the beſtowing them " on a virtuous and affectionate pair, to con- " tribute to their union, is as acceptable to " Heaven, as inriching ſhrines, or adorning " churches with them would be."

'Twas now paſt noon, and they prepared to leave the cottage, and return to the manſion of *Harcourt*; which they reached long before ſunſet: *Oſwilda* met them at the outer

gate

gate, and embracing *Elfleda*, conducted her to a chamber, where attire more suited to her sex than her Palmer's weeds, were presented; and being arrayed in them, she followed the mother of *Harcourt* to the hall; the Prior of a neighbouring abbey attended; a little persuasion prevailed on her to repair with *Oswilda*, EDWY, and her lover to church, where the good father soon made them one; gave them his benediction, and returned to the mansion of *Harcourt*, where a banquet was served, in which every delicacy of the season appeared in profusion, and soon those few vassals who depended on *Harcourt*, with some of the fathers from the abbey, filled the ample hall, where chearfulness unchecked by supercilious pride, gladdened each heart, and illumined each countenance around the board.

Elfleda, no longer awed by the over-weening pride of Lady *Randolf*, heightened the pleasure of the feast; and joined her attention to that of *Oswilda*, to each guest; while the goblet was chaced, with temperate cheerfulness round the festive board:—*Fitz-Osbert*, a monk, well versed in tuneful lays, raised his voice, and joining it to the harp, sang the praise of the ancient Saxon monarchs: in honour of EDWY and *Elfleda* did he this, and the hearts of both swelled with pleasure.

Though long an exile and a wanderer, love, a patriot love for his country, was a sentiment that time could not drive from the breast of

EDWY, though ſo long depreſſed by diſappointment and ſorrow.

Harcourt, who wiſhed the abſence of his gueſt, as the fatigue of EDWY demanded reſt, puſhed on the feaſt until the firſt ſtroke of the *Curfew* warned their departure; a few days were given to friendſhip and to love, before EDWY prepared to viſit the convent of *Editha*. "I wiſh to know," he ſaid to *Elfleda*, "whether it was owing to her private ſorrows, or "her exalted ſtation, that the Queen of *Edward* neglected thee?"—He then procured a guide, and, attired in his Pilgrim's weeds, ſought the convent, and arrived at it the third day of his journey;—as a Palmer, having ſomewhat to ſay to the Queen, he was eaſily admitted, and conducted by a lay ſiſter to a chamber ſet apart for the reception of ſtrangers, while ſhe announced his arrival.

Refreſhments were ſet before him, and in half an hour, the widow of *Edward* entered clad in ſable weeds, and covered with a veil of the ſame hue; and at her girdle a large roſary.

Sorrow, ſtudy, and a recluſe life, had ſo much changed her, that, were it not for the reſpect paid her in a houſe inſtituted by herſelf, and a receptacle for all who felt the ſtings of ſorrow or adverſity, and which ſhe had richly endowed;—EDWY would never have known her for the ſame *Editha*, who ſo long had enſlaved his mind, but ſhe ſtill retained the

the ſame engaging affability; and accoſting him, though unknown, with her wonted ſweetneſs, bade him ſpeak his buſineſs without reſerve;—EDWY, without diſcovering himſelf, made her acquainted with the ſtate of *Elfleda*; he did not ſay ſhe had given her hand to *Harcourt*,—but that ſhe had left the Caſtle of *Randolf* to throw herſelf at her feet, and ſue for protection. The Queen replied with great ſweetneſs, that her own ſorrows had prevented her attending to thoſe of others, or to that protection ſhe grieved to find the daughter of her beloved *Ethelgiva* had ſo long wanted.—"Does ſhe wiſh to take the veil?" continued the Queen;—"this houſe is open to her; or, "would ſhe rather remain in the world, and "unite herſelf to a worthy and tender lo-"ver? My little treaſure ſhall freely be ſhared "to make her dowry equal to her birth;—"ſpeak freely, good Pilgrim, thou ſeemeſt "much intereſted for her, which is her "choice?—a cloiſter, or the world?"

"The world, I believe," ſaid EDWY, "to "which indeed ſhe is attached only by affec-"tion for a deſerving youth, whoſe blood, or "the ſtock from which he ſprung, will not "diſgrace her." "Then let them be united," ſaid the Queen, "and it ſhall be my care to "contribute, as far as worldly riches will do "it, to their happineſs." While ſhe continued to aſk ſome queſtions concerning *Elfleda*, which EDWY anſwered in few words; he examined

amined her attentively, and was so buried in reflection, that he scarce heard her say, "farewel, good Pilgrim!—bear to the daughter "of *Ethelgiva* a casket which I shall send thee, "and my wishes for her happiness." She quitted the chamber, and in half an hour an attendant brought him the casket, with which he departed, and in two days reached the mansion of *Harcourt*, where love, peace, and content had taken up their abode.

His welcome was equal to the affection that *Oswilda*, *Harcourt*, and *Elfleda* bore him. —They inquired the success of his visit to the Queen of *Edward*;—he produced the casket; and repeated her words; (though an increase of riches could not add to the happiness of this happy family; they were not insensible of his friendship, who had obtained them for them) "but say," said *Elfleda*, "what were "thy emotions on seeing *Editha*?"—"I shall "not deny," replied Edwy, "that I was "myself doubtful what they would be; and "as I wished to have no witness to my first "interview with the Queen, I advised thy re-"maining at the cottage, while I visited the "the convent;—but my heart, deadened by "time and adversity, beheld her with no other "emotion than respect for her virtues, and pi-"ty for the sorrows which had faded the "the bloom that adorned her when last I saw "her. Shall I confess, that the tranquillity "with which I beheld, and conversed with

"her,

"her, ſurprized me; but I rejoiced in it, and "determined to depart without revealing my "name, or my relation to her lord. When "ſhe left me to fetch the jewels I brought "thee, I reflected that much of my unhappi-"neſs was the effect of my own repining and "impatient temper, and many of the unfortu-"nate events of my life, derived much of "their power of affliction from my own diſ-"poſition. 'Tis poſſible, had I been united "to the beauteous *Editha*, the exceſs of our "happineſs would have marred itſelf; and a "few years, perhaps months, of love and "endearment might have expended what, "with a leſs degree of paſſion, would have "ſufficed to conſtitute a more durable, though "leſs rapturous, happineſs to the end of our "lives:—thus I coolly reaſoned, and was not "diſappointed when I received the preſent "of the Queen from the hands of one of her "maidens, and not from her own."

"I congratulate thee," ſaid *Harcourt*, "for "judging of thy feelings by my own; I fear-"ed neither time, nor the bars which the mar-"riage of *Editha* with *Edward*, or her vows "of perpetual ſecluſion from the world, "would have power to damp thy paſſion, and "I rejoice that, forgetting all the diſappoint-"ments of thy youth, thou wilt not refuſe to "accept the comforts that are ſtill within thy "reach."

EDWY answered, "that to witneſs a conti-
"nuance of his and *Elfleda*'s felicity, was as
"much as he deſired of earthly happineſs;"—
he then, fatigued by his journey, retired to
reſt.

Long did this happy family remain in peaceful tranquillity, when one day they were alarmed by the intelligence that *William*, accompanied by his ſons, *Robert* and *William Rufus*, and attended by a numerous train, were approaching, and meant to hunt in the neighbouring foreſt. Tents were pitched for their reception; for the *Conqueror* had depopulated the country to a conſiderable extent, except the abode of *Harcourt*, and the neighbouring hamlet and abbey.

It was autumn, and the day was mild and ſtill, not a breath diſturbed the leaves which were faded to a variety of ſhades of green and yellow, and made a more beautiful appearance than even their freſheſt ſummer livery had diſplayed. The ſun was juſt riſen, when EDWY left his couch, and deſirous to ſee the Conqueror of *England*, he went out alone, protected by the ſanctity of age, and his Palmer's habit; he had not walked far from the hamlet, e'er the rude clamour of the huntſmen ſtruck his ears; and *William*, followed by his train, burſt from the foreſt, where, rouſed from his moſſy couch, the fearful ſtag fled before them.

"What

"What horrid joy!" ſaid EDWY as they paſſed; "what rage of pleaſure is here!—how "delighted they madly purſue this barbarous "game of death, which beaſts of prey alone, "impelled by dire neceſſity, purſue in dark-"neſs; as if of their ravages aſhamed, they "ſhunned the light: not ſo this tyrant, who, "with the inſolence of power inflamed be-"yond the infuriate rage of hunger in the "beaſts of prey, for ſport alone purſues the "cruel chace, how much does he ſurpaſs them "in cruelty!—Hunger alone prompts them, "and not a horrid joy at anguiſh, or a delight "in blood!"

EDWY now retired a little way out of the hunters' track; but his attention was now called to the flying deer, who attempting to find his ſafety among his fellows, they fled, and left him to his fate, which ſoon reached him; for, exhauſted and breathleſs with toil, and fainting with fear, he ſtopped, and ſtanding at bay, put his laſt ſad refuge in deſpair: The big, round tears ran down his dappled face, while the growling pack ſeize him, and tear his beauteous chequered ſides. EDWY turned with horror from the ſight; and ſtopping his ears, haſtened from the painful ſcene. His wiſh had been granted; he ſaw the *Conqueror*, whoſe ſhouts had animated the hounds to freſh fury. "Ruthleſs tyrant," ſaid EDWY as he retired, "thus didſt thou hunt to death "my poor countrymen!—I never more deſire

"to

"to behold thee, but beware left the barba-
"rous game of death, to which thou haſt ſa-
"crificed ſo much, and exerciſed ſuch tyran-
"ny toward the inhabitants of this land, to
"enable thee to purſue it at thy eaſe, prove
"not fatal to thee!"

EDWY haſtened to return to the peaceful abode of *Harcourt*, where he found the happy family with *Fitzoſbert* and the Prior, aſſembled round the ſocial board, and related to them the particulars of his excurſion, in which he had at length obtained a ſight of the Conqueror of *England*.

"Yet," ſaid EDWY, "unaffluent, lowly, and
"obſcure as I am, were youth, wealth, and
"that power which the *Conqueror* has acquir-
"ed by injuſtice, the ſlaughter of mankind,
"and the deſolation of my country,—offered
"me, I would indignantly reject them,—re-
"ject the proffered exchange of dangerous
"greatneſs for ſecure mediocrity, and the
"cares and ſorrows which ſurround a throne,
"for that ſelf-derived felicity in which conſiſts
"the SUPREME GOOD, and which, as it is
"the moſt ineſtimable of human poſſeſſions,
"is alſo the only one of which oppreſſion and
"tyranny cannot deprive us:—No! *Conque-*
"*ror!* I envy not thy grandeur, imbittered
"as it is by many a ſecret remorſe!—But leave
"we him to that painful pre-eminence which
"he has ſo dearly purchaſed;—let us return
"thanks to Heaven for that happier lot de-

"creed

" creed us,—Yes! PARENT OF BEINGS! I am
" grateful to THEE, alike for that which I
" poſſeſs,—for that which I have loſt!—for
" whatever I have ſuffered!"——

" My ſon," ſaid the Prior, " an uninter-
" rupted courſe of happineſs and comfort
" were never intended to be the lot of mor-
" tals, and better that it is ſo; for who is
" there that continued proſperity does not
" corrupt! Better then is it to ſuffer in youth,
" and find that in our latter days peace and
" comfort is yet reſerved to us; or, if thoſe
" bleſſings be deferred:—if for our benefit,
" that BENEFICENT POWER, who controuls our
" fate, permits our chaſtiſement for a ſeaſon,
" we know he can change it to a reward in a
" moment: or if the latter ſhould be with-
" held here; from this conſideration, we may
" ever derive comfort and encouragement—
" that *whoever can convert calamity to thoſe*
" *ends for which it was deſigned,—on Him the*
" *Spirit of the Lord ſhall reſt, the ſpirit of*
" *counſel and of might, the ſpirit of wiſdom,*
" *the ſpirit of knowledge, and the fear of the*
" *Lord:—That man is in the direct road to*
" *happineſs, to glory, and to honour.*"

END OF THE FIFTEENTH BOOK.

EDWY:

AN HISTORIC TALE.

BOOK XVI.

THE ſadneſs which ſucceeded this converſation, was interrupted by the arrival of a monk from the abbey, to inform Father *Oſwald*, that "an illuſtrious ſtranger had inquired for their Superior, ſaying he wiſhed to "confer with him on ſomewhat of moment."

Oſwald inquired, "was he numerouſly attended?"—"By two only," ſaid the monk, "who, like himſelf, ſeem to have viſited other "climes, and to have ſpent many days in the "tented field, and each bears on his ſhoulder "a red croſs, the badge of *Chriſt*'s warriors." "But why calleſt thou him an illuſtrious?"—"Becauſe," anſwered the monk, "there is "ſomewhat in his port and ſeeming, that is "diſtinguiſhing." "I will attend him," ſaid the PRIOR; "and I," ſaid EDWY, "will ac-

" company thee:—this ſtranger may be unfor-
" tunate, and may ſtand in need of relief as
" well as advice: I remember me of my for-
" mer ill fortune; and now it is at an end, it
" is but meet I ſhould feel for the ſorrows of
" others:"—he then with *Oſwald*, took his way to the abbey; they found the ſtranger and his two companions, ſeated at the gate under a ſpreading oak, in diſcourſe with one of the monks.

" How is this," ſaid the Prior, " why were
" not theſe ſtrangers ſhewn to our hall, and
" refreſhment offered them?"

" In nothing, good Father," ſaid he who ſeemed their chief, " have thy monks been
" wanting; but have proffered every ſort of
" courteous hoſpitality.—But doſt thou not
" know me?—have a few years, and the vi-
" ciſſitudes of climate ſo altered me, that Fa-
" ther *Oſwald* does not remember *Edgar Athe-*
" *lin?*"

" Gracious Powers!" ſaid the Prior, " thou
" *Edgar Athelin!*" Then looking on him a moment, he ſprang forward, and throwing himſelf at his feet, he exclaimed, " Thou art indeed, the royal *Edgar!*—Alas! *England*'s darling no more!—but dearly does this country rue its deſertion of thee, the laſt of the royal Saxon line;—yet here is one, preſenting EDWY, who ſtood attentively viewing *Edgar*. " See here," went on the Prior, " the brother of *Edmund Ironſides*, thy grand-ſire, and one of

of the ſons of *Ethelred*, and he who has obtained for *Edward*, thy father, the protection of the Swediſh King, who procured him that of *Soliman* of *Hungary*."

Edgar turned his inquiring eyes on EDWY, who ſaid, "he tells thee truth, my Lord; I "am that EDWY of whom no doubt thou haſt "heard." "I have indeed," ſaid *Edgar*, "and much it joys me to behold thee ſtill "alive; but much does it grieve me too, that "the little I have to offer, is ſo much beneath "thy worth or thy acceptance;—but we will "ſhare it." "Oh! worthy ſon of the generous *Edmund!*" cried EDWY, half choaked by conflicting paſſions, "what heart-felt joy "do thy words beſtow!—but I need not thy "aid; few are the wants of EDWY, and Heaven has beſtowed enough to ſupply them "all;—but ſay, my Lord, what brought thee "here?—Comeſt thou to claim the ſanctuary "of this houſe?—Does the uſurper of thy "throne ſeek thy life?—Or haſt thou any "hope of recovering thy ſceptre from his "gripe?"—"Alas! no," ſaid *Edgar*, "the "minds of the Engliſh are as much inſlaved "as their country; and my ſoul abhors the "ſhedding of blood—unhappy deluded men! "me they rejected for a ſtranger; but they "ſee, becauſe they feel their error: nor has "*Edgar* a wiſh to reign their King:—ſhe for "whom alone, I ever entertained an ambitious thought,—ſhe, alas! is taken from me!

" my hapleſs *Edwina!* our loves began in
" infancy. On the death of *Edward* my fa-
" ther, Earl *Edwin* declared for *Harold*; and
" when he loſt the day at *Haſtings*, *Edwin*
" turned to the *Conqueror*; but ſome reſpect
" for his antient maſters made him uſe his in-
" fluence with *William* to ſpare my life; to this
" I owe my ſafety. Shocked at the deluge of
" blood I ſaw ſhed at the fatal field of *Haſt-*
" *ings*, I at once took the reſolution of having
" none to anſwer for on my own account; and
" in the midſt of the wreck of my fortune,
" and of all my hopes, I rejoiced that I was
" innocent of that which was ſhed in the con-
" teſt between the Norman Duke and *Harold*.
" As I grew in years my love for *Edwina* en-
" creaſed, as did her's for me; but we found
" it neceſſary to conceal it from her father,
" who intended to beſtow her on *De Warren*,
" a Norman Baron, who ſtood high in *Willi-*
" *am*'s favour; but who in vain made ſuit to
" my *Edwina*; his tinſel, foreign manners
" pleaſed her not: yet all her ſcorn and cold-
" neſs could not deter him from demanding
" her hand; Earl *Edwin*, dazzled by the dou-
" ble advantage of ſecurity and grandeur
" that this match would ſecure to his houſe,
" readily promiſed her to the Norman Lord.

" At firſt I had thoughts of flying with her
" to the court of *Scotland*, where the remains
" of my family were ſheltered by *Malcolm*,
" who had married my ſiſter. but I conſider-
" ed,

" ed, that even would *Edwina* conſent to fol-
" low me to a ſtrange land, and for me, give
" up a ſplendid fortune;—that the power of
" *William*, intereſted for his favourite, would
" ſoon overtake and force her from my arms;
" even if the Scots King was hardy enough
" to afford us a refuge: I then, as the only
" way to ſecure *Edwina* from my rival, and
" the power of her father, took at once the
" reſolution of going to the Holy Land. All
" Chriſtendom were then arming and taking
" the Croſs; I declared my intention of fol-
" lowing the example of ſuch numbers, and
" *William* ſeemed pleaſed at my reſolution,
" and granted me permiſſion, and a moderate
" ſupply:—but, heaven and earth!— what
" were my feelings to be forced to ſolicit one,
" and accept the other, from the uſurper of
" my juſt rights! and the enſlaver of my
" country!—but Father,' (turning to *Oſwald*)
" I have learned to think, that for reaſons at-
" preſent withheld from us, Heaven permits
" ſuch humiliating mortifications here, to fit
" us for that portion of happineſs and glory
" for thoſe reſigned to its will."

" Moſt certain, my ſon," ſaid the Prior,
" but proceed with thy ſtory, which all here
" are too much intereſted in not to be impa-
" tient for its end."

" I ſhared," continued the Prince, " what
" *William* allowed for my expedition, with a
" choſen band of brave but unfortunate Eng-

" liſh

"liſh knights, who had been ruined by the "ſucceſs of the Conqueror; and when all "things were ready for our departure; I went "to *Edwin* Caſtle; and finding *Edwina* alone, "and drowned in tears, I bid her conſider "well; if ſhe, without future regret, could "forego a ſplendid fortune, with a man ſhe "did not at preſent like, to follow an un-"happy Prince, a cipher in his native realm, "without hopes, and even a fugitive—for all "conſidered *William*'s ready compliance with "my deſire of taking the Croſs, as a ſort of "baniſhment; how were the ſad thoughts ſuch "diſcourſe raiſed in my heart, changed to "thoſe of delight, when my *Edwina* at once "and joyfully offered to fly with me: "and "perhaps," ſaid ſhe, "Heaven, in a diſtant "land, will prepare us a refuge, which may "prevent our regretting our native country." "I counſelled her to treat *De Warren* with a "ſhew of complacency, but not to delude "him by any actual promiſes of favour or "conſent to his wiſhes."

"Meantime I haſtened all things for our "departure: the attire of a page, which I "procured and conveyed to her, ſerved as a "diſguiſe, and I awaited her arrival at a lone "cottage, near the Caſtle of *Edwin:* About "midnight ſhe came unattended; ſhe feared "to truſt the moſt confidential of her ſervants, "leſt they ſhould betray her: ſhe ſaw that "my happineſs depended on her, that gaining

"her

" her I regretted not the loſs of a powerful
" kingdom, which I had no means of attain-
" ing, but by wading through a deluge of
" blood; an enterprize, which neither my
" principles nor diſpoſition would ſuffer me
" to attempt: My *Edwina* then, who loved
" me becauſe I was unfortunate, who ſaw her
" father twice leagued againſt me; rejoiced
" that ſhe had the power to make me ſome
" amends, by an attachment that no danger
" or ill fortune could ſhake: ſhe brought
" with her a caſket of valuable jewels, but
" knowing my high ſpirit, concealed them from
" me, until we were far from the Britiſh ſhore.
" I haſtened with her to *Southampton*, where
" the bark, that was to carry us from *England*
" lay ready; we went on board, and by
" morning dawn had loſt ſight of that country,
" from which a ſtrange chain of events had
" baniſhed me, who was ſo lately looked on
" as its heir apparent."

" Our voyage was proſperous, the moſt fa-
" vourable gales filled our ſails, and ſoon
" wafted us to the coaſt of *Paleſtine*; a young
" man in clerical orders, who had left an ab-
" bey, filled ſince the reign of *William* with
" Norman monks, and who had vowed a pil-
" grimage to the Redeemer's tomb, and had
" intreated to accompany me, pronounced the
" nuptial benediction, and made *Edwina*
" mine before we left *England*. We arrived
" in ſafety at the Holy Land, and the fond

" affection

"affection of my ſpouſe made her remain at
"my ſide, even in the moſt terrible dangers:
"ſhe accuſtomed herſelf to war arms, to weild
"the ſword, and bend the bow: one unlucky
"day, a band from the Chriſtian camp went
"to forage; they were encountered on their
"return by a troop of Saracens, who lay in
"ambuſh to intercept them; I commanded
"the Chriſtians, and we had apprehended ſo
"little danger, that I ſuffered my *Edwina* to
"accompany me, we were advanced to the
"ſkirts of the wood of *Joppa*, our return
"was delayed by the ſlow pace of the camels
"loaded with ſpoil; and part of our men on
"foot, driving a numerous herd of live cat-
"tle, which we had intercepted on their way
"to the enemies camp:——fatal excurſion!
"would I had declined it; but wiſhing to
"gain all the reputation I could, I avoided
"no danger or hardſhip, and my hapleſs love
"would ſhare every danger with me: we
"were advanced a little before thoſe who
"guarded the ſpoil, fearleſs of danger, when
"a band of Saracens ruſhed from the wood;
"and their furious chief aimed a blow at me,
"with his ſabre, which *Edwina* perceiving,
"raſhly threw herſelf between me and dan-
"ger, and the fatal weapon lighting on her
"headpiece, made more for ornament than
"uſe, clove her lovely head:—She gave a
"faint ſcream, and ſunk into my arms: ſhe
"once opened her dying eyes (almoſt blinded

"by

" by her blood, which flowed down her
" beauteous face) and fixing them a moment
" on mine, closed them for ever, and expired
" without a groan: her head fell from the
" support of my breast on her shoulder, and
" resembled a lilly broken by the storm from
" its stem. I supported her from sinking on
" the earth, with one hand, while with the
" other I took off her helmet; her lovely tresses
" fell on her neck, and revealed her sex; the
" fierce assailant stopped his uplifted hand,
" just ready to strike me, and by the horror of
" his look, for his face was bare, shewed his
" concern for what he had done; he seemed
" to respect my sorrow, and called some sol-
" diers to assist in bearing the remains of my
" murdered love to the Christian camp. I
" will not dwell on my grief, which for a
" considerable time deprived me of my reason;
" when I recovered, I wreaked my vengeance
" on the infidels; my only wish was to die
" by the hand of him who had murdered my
" love: and oft have I in vain dared him to
" the combat: filled with remorse for having
" shed the blood of a woman, despising dan-
" ger herself, to screen her spouse from it;
" he ever turned aside when I appeared, nor
" would lift his sabre against a man he had so
" cruelly injured. Filled with despair, and
" disregarding life, I did actions that would
" have entitled me to the highest honours and
" reward, had I sought them; but my heart

" was

" was now dead to the world:—and diſguſted
" at length with the unvaried ſcene of conten-
" tion and ſlaughter, I determined to quit for
" ever the tented field, and return to *England*,
" and end my days in the gloom of a cloiſter,
" or in retirement: I took leave of the Cruſa-
" ders, and with thoſe true companions of
" my fortune, who wiſhed to return to their
" country; we left *Paleſtine*, and ſoon re-
" turned to *Europe*; I brought with me the
" aſhes of my *Edwina*, in a ſilver urn, which
" leſt ſhe ſhould ſuffer violation even in the
" grave, (as the bodies of Chriſtians were of-
" ten dug from the earth by the Saracens, and
" expoſed to the beaſts of prey) I had her
" burned, and in all my abſence of reaſon,
" kept her aſhes ſafely, and generally repoſed
" my head when ſleep cloſed my eyes, on the
" urn that contained them: to depoſit them
" in holy ground, was my chief motive for
" viſiting theſe fathers."

" I paſſed ſome years under the care of Fa-
" ther *Oſwald*, during my boy-hood; and ſtill
" I remember his friendſhip."

Here *Edgar Athelin* ceaſed, and taking from his boſom a ſmall urn, he kiſſed, and dropping on its lid a tear, gave it to the Prior, who laid it on the altar, until a place to depoſit it was determined on; and returned again to the gate of the abbey, to conduct the Prince to an apartment which he had given orders ſhould be made ready: Meantime EDWY intreated

Edgar

Edgar to accompany him to the manſion of *Harcourt*, and at laſt prevailed; and he made haſte to conduct his royal gueſt to that peaceful abode, the ſure aſylum of the ſtranger or the wanderer; the Prior and the two Knights of *Edgar* following.

Arrived,—EDWY preſented *Oſwilda*, *Elfleda* and *Harcourt* to the Prince; his reception was equal to the reſpect his appearance and misfortunes inſpired. The heart of EDWY was filled with a pleaſure he had never taſted in ſo high a degree, to ſee a deſcendent of the royal *Edmund*'s, beneath a roof where he could command: When *Edgar* and his companions had refreſhed themſelves with a repaſt which *Oſwilda* made haſte to ſet before them; EDWY demanded of the Prince where he meant to take up his abode.

'When my ſoul is full of ſorrow for the 'loſs of my *Edwina*,' he replied, 'a cloiſter 'ſeems the only refuge left me, in a world 'where there is nothing left me, that can af-'ford comfort or ſatisfaction to the wretched 'Edgar, but then there are moments, when 'the remembrance of my mother and ſiſters, 'the laſt remains of the ancient royal Saxon 'race, riſes to my heart, and I think of end-'ing a life I am tired of in *Scotland*.' EDWY ſhook his head, and looked at *Harcourt*, who ſaid, but with the utmoſt reſpect; that "near-'neſs of blood, did not always keep alive af-'fection; which new connections or long ab-

'ſence was too apt to cool:' and EDWY, who earneſtly wiſhed to incline *Edgar* to ſettle in *England*, joined to turn his thoughts from the Scottiſh court; he reminded him that, 'the 'faction of *Macbeth*, the uſurper of that 'crown, though himſelf was dead, were con-'tinually forming plots to diſturb the peace of 'the realm; that *Malcolm*, who had been 'forced to ſeek an aſylum in the court of *Eng-'land*, after the murder of the King his father, 'by *Macbeth*; though reſtored to his king-'dom, was ſtill tottering on the throne: that 'though the violence of his affection for the 'Princeſs *Margaret*, induced him to eſpouſe 'her, and afford her mother an aſylum in his 'court; it would be more for his eaſe and 'comfort, and even for his dignity, to re-'main where he was, than live a private man, 'though in the palace of the huſband of his 'ſiſter: and, pardon me, my Lord,' he ad-ded, 'if I ſay, that one born to a crown, 'and deprived of it, without hope of regain-'ing it again; his beſt and only reſource is 'in retired and quiet repoſe; as *William* is 'now ſo firmly ſettled on the throne, as to 'exclude all hope of any one's being hardy 'enough to diſturb him, or aſſert thy right; 'and as all thy affections ſeem buried in the 'urn of *Edwina*; let me prevail," ſaid EDWY, "taking the hand of the Prince, 'let me 'ſpeak the wiſhes of ſome preſent, who are 'fearful of offending, yet wiſh to devote

" themſelves and fortunes to thee, their real,
" their natural ſovereign! remain then here,
" with the happy few that by the favour of
" Heaven are in ſafety from the tyranny of
" the uſurper and his haughty Normans, and
" ſhare our ſtore, which is enough for us all.

" In part," ſaid *Edgar*, preſſing the hand of EDWY, " I will do as thou ſayeſt, and ſet-
" tle near thee and the ſpot where the aſhes of
" my *Edwina* are depoſited; but already have
" I ſignified to *William* my return, and he
" agrees to allow ſufficient for my ſubſiſtence;
" few are my wants, and there are no plea-
" ſures left for me in this world; but my ſoul
" is grateful to thee for thy offers and friend-
" ſhip, which I would not reject were the for-
" mer neceſſary."

The Prince then inquired into the particulars of EDWY's life; and when they were related, thought him equally unfortunate as himſelf:—
" But, my Lord," ſaid EDWY, " inform me,
" why on the death of the *Confeſſor*, thou waſt
" not acknowledged *England*'s King?"—" I
" ſcarce can inform thee," ſaid *Edgar*, " too
" young and indolent for ambition, kept at a
" diſtance from the perſon of the King, who
" ever looked coldly on me, I knew not of
" his death until informed the ſon of Earl
" *Goodwin* was choſen King by the Engliſh;
" ſince then, I have heard that *Harold*, from
" the death of my father, rendered himſelf ſo
" popular, and made ſuch an intereſt in the

" hearts of the people, that on the *Confeſſor's*
" declining ſome hours before his death, to
" name his ſucceſſor, and only ſaying he had
" left the crown to him who had the beſt right
" to it—*Harold* found little difficulty in pre-
" vailing on the nobles of this land to offer it
" to him, before the people had time to deter-
" mine, or the few friends I had in the king-
" dom, could make one effort in my favour:—
" the reſt you know; and how the people of
" this land are puniſhed for depriving me of
" my juſt right. But let us ceaſe unavailing
" reflections, and aſſiſt me with your advice
" in the choice of a quiet, ſequeſtered ſpot,
" where to repoſe after all my toils;—I would
" have it near to this abode of peace and tran-
" quillity;—but firſt aſſiſt me to inter the
" aſhes of my *Edwina*.

In two days, attended by the family of *Harcourt*, and all the fathers of the priory, the urn was laid in a grave, under the great window of the chapel; *Edgar*, as he gave it to the Prior to depoſit in the earth, wet it with his tears; he then raiſed a graſſy mound over the grave, planted with roſes, which he delighted to viſit and water; and many a ſummer night and winter eve he ſpent at this ſpot, when the *Curfew* had warned all to retire to reſt.

The village maids, in honour of *Edwina's* memory, uſed to pay the tribute of an annual, votive viſit at this verdant tomb; and it became religious to celebrate and keep alive the

memory

memory of one who had loved ſo well and with ſuch conſtancy and truth*.

A few days after the interment of *Edwina*, EDWY and *Harcourt*, with part of the jewels that lay uſeleſs in the cabinet of *Elfleda*, purchaſed a ſmall, but neat and convenient dwelling for the Prince; ſome fields and a little wood that ſheltered it, divided this abode from that of *Harcourt*; but it joined the domain of the priory; and a winding, ſhaded path led to the ſpot where lay the remains of *Edwina*; a low, arched gate, of which he kept the key, admitted him at will, and there, when time had mellowed his ſorrows, he ſaid his morning and evening oriſons.

Attendants of the Engliſh race, unmixed with Normans, who had ſuffered from the *Conqueror*, were collected; and his houſehold formed, which was ſuperintended by the knights who had returned with him from the Holy-Land; here, on the penſion allowed him by *William*, he lived in peaceful retirement, and

* It was long a cuſtom at *Okely* in *Surry*, to plant roſes on the graves of young people, who had been unhappy in love:—the cuſtom was taken from the ancient Greeks who obſerved it religiouſly, and often in their will ordered a roſe tree to be planted on their grave; probably *Edgar Atheling* learned this cuſtom in *Paleſtine* or at *Conſtantinople*. *Anacreon* ſays, "Roſes protect the dead.

"There the firſt *Roſes* of the year ſhall blow."

A beautiful alluſion of POPE to this idea, which often occurs in *Ovid*, *Tibullus*, and *Propertius*.

wanted little except the pomp and croud which courts afford. The Prince and the family of *Harcourt*, (ſoon increaſed by three ſons and two blooming daughters) were ſeldom aſunder; and *Edgar* was treated by them and the few they held any intercourſe with, with the reſpect due to his birth and misfortunes; their days glided on in peaceful ſerenity, and reſembled one of thoſe fine and tranquil nights that oft ſucceed the moſt ſtormy and turbulent days.

Harcourt, who felt ſuch pleaſure from the ſociety of EDWY and the Prince, that he dreaded any thing likely to deprive him of it, feared that when the ſorrow of the latter for *Edwina* wore off, his ambition, and regret for the loſs of his crown, would revive, and he watched all his words and actions with anxiety, well knowing that any effort to aſſert his right, would be equally unavailing and fatal; but he ſaw with pleaſure, that his fears were ill grounded; and one day congratulating *Edgar* on his reſigned tranquillity, the Prince ſaid with a ſmile, "Well do I know that I have "ſunk myſelf much in the opinion of the "Engliſh.—perhaps of all who hear of me, "by the little deſire I ever ſhewed to gain a "kingdom;—but I knew it was to be obtain-"ed only by ſhedding the blood of my peo-"ple; bred in a retirement, I had learned "from the precepts of good Father *Oſwald*, "to prefer a life of innocence and peace, to "one of guilty grandeur."

"After

"After the *Conqueror* had ſettled himſelf "firmly on the throne, I was forced, with "many others of the firſt nobles of this land, "to go in his train, when he made his firſt vi- "ſit to *Normandy*, after his conqueſt. The "Engliſh Lords vied with each other in mag- "nificence; and my equipage, more to gra- "tify his own vanity, than to do me honour, "was moſt ſplendid;—but this gay appearance "young as I was, gave me little pleaſure, to "behold myſelf dragged about, a gaudy pa- "geant at the heels of him who was the uſur- "per of my crown, was moſt irkſome;—but "his triumph was not complete without exhi- "biting me in my fallen ſtate in his train:— "nor could I obſerve unmoved, the gaze of "thoſe whoſe attention was drawn by the "ſumptuous attire and fine trappings of my "ſteed, as I rode juſt behind the *Conqueror*; "I compared myſelf to the unfortunate chil- "dren of *Anthony* who were forced to follow "the chariot wheels of *Auguſtus*, when he "made his triumphal entry into *Rome*, after "the victory at *Actium*. My ſorrow was "heightened to ſee the Engliſh nobles, to in- "gratiate themſelves with their new ſovereign, "outvie each other in appearance and enter- "tainments;—the diſplay of their riches,—the "coſtlineſs of their embroidery, ſtruck the "Normans with aſtoniſhment; and when we "made our abode at the abbey of *Feſcamp*, "where *William* reſided to receive the viſit of

"*Rodoph*,

" *Rodolph*, brother to the King of *France*,
" who came with a numerous train to congra-
" tulate him, I have heard them oft with ad-
" miration, mention the beauty of the Engliſh,
" their riches and magnificence*.

" But though every thing wore the look of
" joy and feſtivity, and *William* appeared to
" treat his new ſubjects with kindneſs, he
" only required their attendance in *Normandy*,
" to prevent their forming any ſchemes to de-
" prive him of the crown during his abſence.

" But at all the entertainments and ban-
" quets, where the Engliſh and Normans in-
" termixed, the envy and inſolence of the
" former broke out unreſtrained; and they ſoon
" ſaw they were led about to increaſe the tri-
" umph of their oſtentatious *Conqueror*; and
" on their return to *England*, the total change
" of his conduct towards them, turned their
" fears into a miſerable certitude. Thus, the
" grandeur I was a witneſs to, only ſerved to
" diſguſt, inſtead of inſpiring me with a wiſh
" to continue it; but my love for Earl *Ed-*
" *win*'s lovely daughter, ſoon occupied all my
" thoughts, and turned them from my loſt
" crown: As my grief for her loſs, has to-
" tally weaned my heart from the world;—
" but let me not dwell on her idea now. The
" *Conqueror*, conducted his family to *Eng-*

* The riches and ſplendour mentioned here, ſhew how early *England* was cultivated and opulent,

" *land*,

" *land*, when he returned there, and during " my ſhort abode at his court; each hour " brought with it new mortification. The " Queen of *William*, to diſplay his conqueſt, " employed a number of Engliſh damſels, fa- " mous for the elegance of their embroidery, " to work on a ſet of hangings the battle of " *Haſtings*; and the triumphal entry of the " *Conqueror* into *London*. She obliged me to " ſit for my portrait, which appeared conſpi- " cuous in the latter: and this piece was laid " up in an abbey founded by *William*, on the " ſpot where the fate of the Saxon race was " decided. Thus I, who was conſidered as " the ATHELIN or moſt noble, and who when " for any time releaſed from my ſtudies, en- " joyed the honours and privileges belonging " to that title, was reduced to a more morti- " fying ſtate than that of a menial ſlave, forced " to make one in the train of the tyrant, tho' " a mere cipher, I ſerved only for an object " to gaze at."

Thus did *Edgar* account well—in the opi- nion of EDWY and *Harcourt*—for reliquiſhing his hopes, and bearing his diſappointments, and reſigning himſelf to his fallen ſtate. Long and peacefully did he, and thoſe dear and faithful friends, whom Heaven had ſent him, live in their ſequeſtered retreat, undiſturbed by the buſtle of the world; whoſe cares or tu- mults came not near them, like the diſtant

found

ſound of the ocean roaring afar off, but whoſe waves hurt them not.

Neither ſubject to the evils, nor the drudgery of the poor,—or expoſed to the ſhackles that pride and riches forge for their votaries, unenvying, unenvied, they lived until they ſaw part of the judgments, which the pride and tyranny of the *Conqueror* drew on himſelf and his attendants, accompliſhed; but it added not to their comforts; and the latter was diſturbed by the death of the Prince, who by his own deſire, was laid in the tomb of *Edward* his father, and the urn of *Edwina* taken from the ſpot in which it had been depoſited, reſted on his breaſt; and the roſe ſtill continued to bloom near it.

EDWY did not ſurvive Prince *Edgar* long, and was laid at the feet of *Edmund*, not far from the grave of *Edward* his ſon; near the ſpot, *Harcourt* erected a plain ſtone pillar, on which was engraved in Saxon characters, theſe words:——

"*Here reſts the duſt of* Edmund Ironſides,
"*King of* England; *and of* Edward, *and*
"Edgar Athelin, *his ſons*;—*and of* EDWY,
"*ſon of* Ethelred *and* Matilda, *whoſe blame-*
"*leſs, but unfortunate lives, inſure them eter-*
"*nal bliſs in thoſe regions where ſorrow never*
"*comes; and where every thorn, which here*
"*was ſuffered to wound their hearts, will be*
"*turned into unfading roſes, to crown them*
"*with happineſs and glory.*"

Harcourt

Harcourt and his beauteous ſpouſe ſurvived *Edgar* and EDWY many years, and continued to live in retirement.

They erected an hoſpital for the reception of wayfaring pilgrims and travellers; and placed the peaſants, who had ſheltered *Elfleda* and EDWY at their cottage, to attend them. *Alice*, who ſoon after the marriage of *Elfleda*, became one of the houſehold of *Oſwilda*, aſſiſted the latter, and in their boſoms reared the children of *Harcourt*, who, with his *Elfleda*, lived to ſee their deſcendants trained, and treading the paths of honour and virtue which they themſelves had ever purſued, and then died happy and full of days.

THE END.